VOL. CCXXII, No. 2900
PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Fit "TripleX"- Regd and be safe

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
SEPTEMBER 10, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

BRITISH SEAGULL

"The best Outboard Motor in the World"

THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD., FLEETS BRIDGE, POOLE, DORSET. Telephone: POOLE 1651

EL TROVADOR
JAMAICAN CIGARS
FABRICA DE TABACOS · EL · TROVADOR · JAMAICA

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN TOILET SOAP MAKERS
Bronnley
FINE SOAPS

By Appointment
Purveyors of Champagne to the late
King George VI.
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY
CHARLES HEIDSIECK
EXTRA DRY

BY APPOINTMENT
CEREBOS LIMITED, TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.
Cerebos
Salt for dainty tables

Oh for some
Optrex
IT SOOTHES AND STRENGTHENS THE EYES

By appointment Cyder makers to THE LATE KING GEORGE VI · THE LATE QUEEN MARY
WILLIAM GAYMER & SON LTD · ATTLEBOROUGH & LONDON
GAYMER'S
CYDER
FOR THOSE WITH A TASTE FOR QUALITY

KING SIX CIGARS
Backed by a hundred years' experience
1/10 EACH

J. R. FREEMAN & SON LTD. (ESTABLISHED 1839)

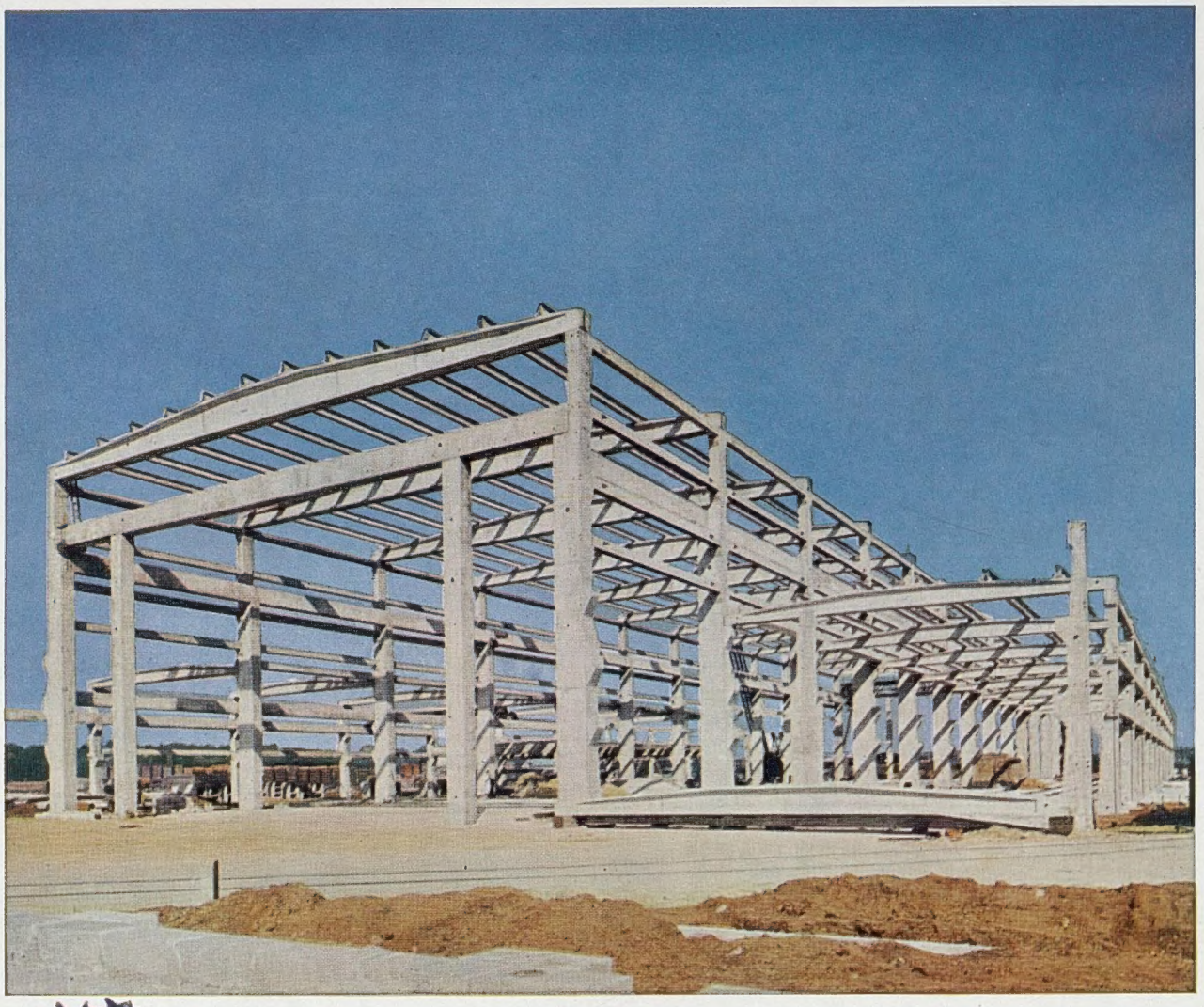
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

PRICE 2/-



One of two Engineering Shops each 360 ft. long by 150 ft. wide, 75 ft. free span. 10-ton travelling crane on prestressed rail beams. 37 ft. 6 in. side spans with 5-ton travelling crane. Structure entirely concrete.

DOWSETT

"He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

Ralph Waldo Emerson
(from "The Problem," published in 1847)

Concrete structures like this have beauty in their clean, crisp lines . . . although in this instance beauty is merely incidental to their functional design. Enterprise and a spirit of pioneering, backed by extensive manufacturing resources, high technical skill and experience, are characteristic of the Dowsett Group of Companies . . . this Engineers' Shop, one of two structurally identical buildings, was designed, manufactured and erected by Dow-Mac (Products) Ltd. . . . the largest precast, prestressed concrete factory-produced buildings to be erected in this country. These buildings are part of the New South Shipyard of Brooke Marine Ltd., at Lowestoft.

DOW-MAC
(PRODUCTS) LTD

Manufacturers, designers, constructors and patentees of normally reinforced and PRESTRESSED PRECAST CONCRETE using the Dow-Mac Patented Process in the largest, up-to-date production facilities of their type in the world.

RAILWAY SLEEPERS
BEARING PILES
SHEET PILES
BRIDGE BEAMS
SPECIAL PRODUCTS

DECKING
FLOOR BEAMS
FLOORING
TRANSMISSION POLES
KERBS & SLABS

CONCRETE BUILDINGS
FENCING
WALLING SLABS
ROOF BEAMS
COMPLETE ROOFS

TALLINGTON, STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE *Telephone: Market Deeping 501 (10 lines). Telegrams: Dow-Mac Stamford*

Works also at WARRENPOINT COUNTY DOWN NORTHERN IRELAND Telephone: Warrenpoint 265

Patch work

TORN TROUSERS are the same the whole world over. So are the needles that mend them.

The needles, in all probability, were made in Britain. In the first eleven months of 1954 about eight hundred million assorted needles (weighing over 200 tons) went overseas. Along with them went nearly 1,000 tons of pins and over two million gross of hair pins, slides, grips and curlers!

These export figures are remarkable: so are the figures for an enormous range of British steel products — from tins to tractors.

Wherever there is steel there is British steel.

British steel leads the world

S.91

THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

It's a relief to drive a ROVER

Next time you see a Rover in heavy traffic, glance at the driver . . . notice how confident he looks . . . how comfortably relaxed. Others may fret and fidget, but not the Rover driver. He feels and *is* in complete command . . . assured of his car's instant obedience to the movement of his hand or the pressure of his foot.

ROVER

Sixty · Seventy-Five · Ninety

ROADS CAMPAIGN COUNCIL · ROADS FOR BRITAIN

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON

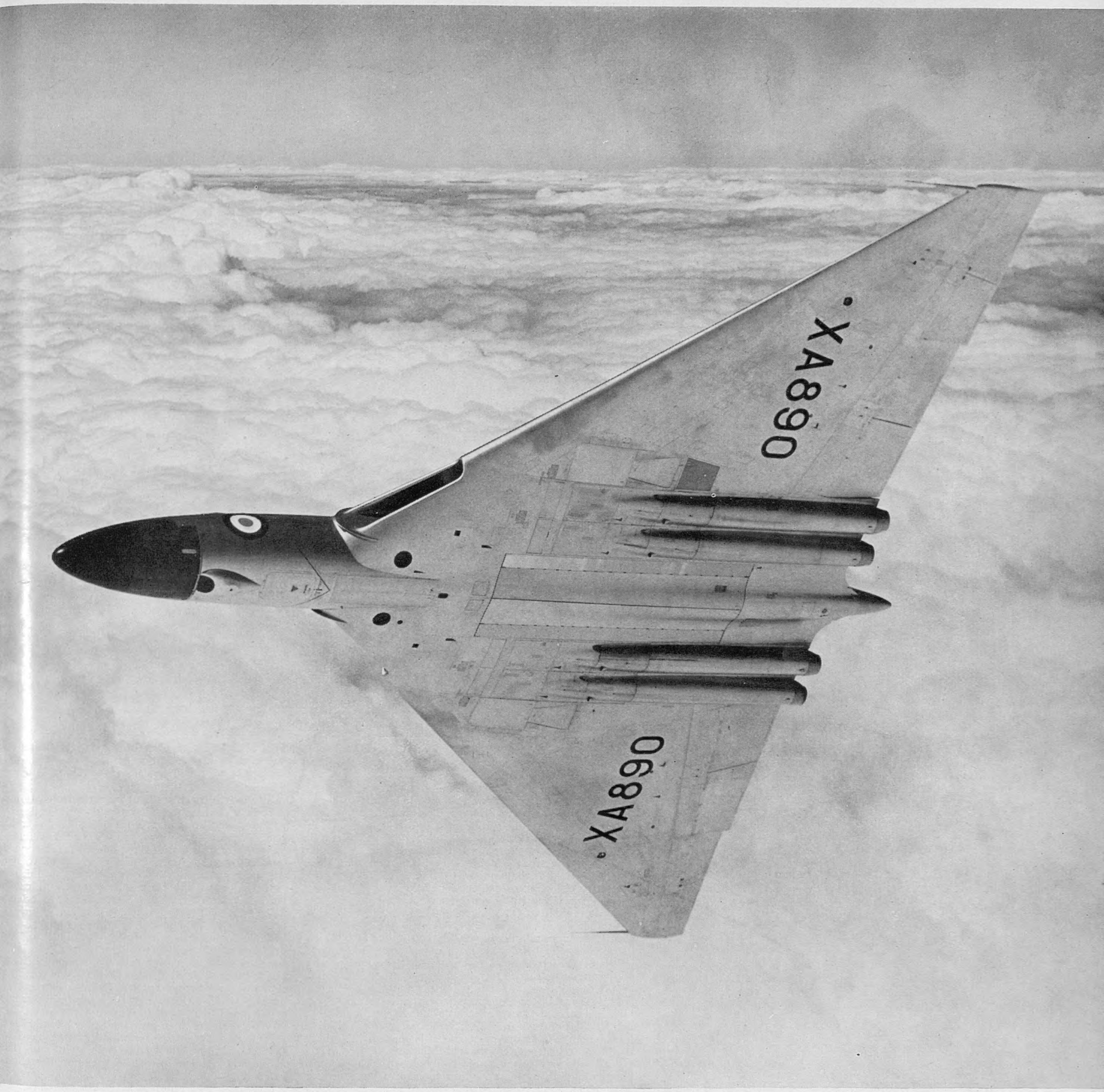
CVS-294

Volume CCXXII No. 2900

The SPHERE, London, September 10, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC



HEADING FOR FARNBOROUGH—THE AVRO VULCAN FOUR-JET BOMBER DEMONSTRATES ITS MANŒUVRABILITY IN A TIGHT TURN AS IT WINGS ITS WAY TO BRITAIN'S AIR SHOW : At Farnborough, the Vulcan's test pilot, Mr. R. Falk, amazed onlookers by performing a full roll. This is probably the first time a large jet bomber has performed this feat. The Vulcan, one of Britain's three V-class jet bombers, is no stranger to the Show, but this year it will be the centre of especial interest. It is powered by four Bristol Olympus turbo-jet engines, which last week made news by establishing for Britain a new altitude record for aeroplanes. An English Electric Canberra, flown by Wing-Commander W. F. Gibb and fitted with Olympus engines, reached a height of 65,876 ft., over 1,100 ft. more than the previous record set up in 1953.

Although this year there are several aircraft and engines being shown at Farnborough for the first time, some of the older inhabitants will also be in the limelight. Among these is the Bristol Olympus jet engine which was shown for the first time last year. In a Canberra jet bomber, the Olympus has been partly responsible for setting a new altitude record of 65,876 ft. The full credit for this must, of course, be shared with the aircraft. The Canberra has an excellent high-altitude performance. The achievement of the Olympus will also focus attention on the Vulcan bomber, which it powers. Although no performance figures have been released for this four-jet giant, it has been built to fly at great heights and its design suggests that heights of well over 60,000 ft. will be reached. The thrust of the Bristol Olympus engine B01.11, the latest model, has not been released, but an earlier type passed an official type test at a thrust of 11,000 lb. This was at the time the highest rating achieved by any type tested engine, but has since been surpassed by the de Havilland Gyron engine. The Olympus engine was first conceived by Mr. F. M. Owner in 1947, and has been designed and brought to its present high standard by Dr. S. G. Hooker, of the Bristol Aeroplane Company.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

SCIENTISTS MEET AT BRISTOL

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE : Members of the Conference attend a civic reception at Red Lodge, headquarters of the Bristol Savages Club. From left are H. G. Tanner ; Sir Raymond Priestley (who has been elected President of the British Association for 1956, when the annual meeting will be held at Sheffield) ; Professor Walter F. Whittard and Sir Reginald Verdon-Smith.

The week-long 117th annual conference of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was held at Colston Hall, Bristol, under the presidency of Sir Robert Robinson, O.M., for twenty-five years Wayneflete Professor of Chemistry at Oxford University. By the end of the first day the membership of the meeting had reached 2,570, a figure slightly less than the attendance at last year's meeting at Oxford. In addition to scientists from all parts of the country, there were guests from the British Commonwealth and foreign countries, many of whom met in the early stages of the conference when they attended a civic reception at Red Lodge, the headquarters of the Bristol Savages Club. In delivering his presidential speech at the inaugural meeting of the conference, Sir Robert Robinson commented on the stopping of all war and suggested that scientists should do all they could " to assist in the kind of negotiations which have gone on in Geneva." Altogether more than 300 speakers had arranged to take part in the conference, which was divided into thirteen sections.

THIS YEAR'S PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION ATTENDS THE RECEPTION : Sir Robert Robinson (centre), is seen with Professor and Mrs. N. P. Badenhuizen, of Johannesburg.

A PAST PRESIDENT WITH A VISITOR FROM POLAND : Sir John Russell (left), who was President of the Association for 1949, in conversation with O. Achmatowicz, of Poland.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d. ; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s. ; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Tribute Deserved.—The best of friends must pass. Nothing persists, but it is always comforting to find that when, after years, you meet a tried old friend, you take up your friendship at the point where you left it. The years between fade out. So it is that in mid-September, when a golden summer is already a golden dream, I pay my tribute to an old friend seldom seen in recent years. We had lived on memories of what summer can be since 1947. What a transformation the sun can make in the lives of all of us, young and old ! Since June from Cape Wrath to Penzance the whole nation has been in the water, its bodies, young and shapely or not so young and shapely, exposed to the sun's rays for hours a day on end, tanned golden brown under bleached heads of hair. Many of the young had never felt the sun before, nor known the charm of non-stop nakedness. The pageant is over, the young are back at school, but the memory will remain all their lives, golden as (till 1955) was the memory of August 1947, 1921, 1914 among their elders. I cannot believe that the good that came from this tardy visit of our old friend has been purely physical, a fillip to health and stored vitality. It must have had a spiritual value besides. It must have taught us all a lesson in values, shuffled off our skin of materialism, given us a distaste for mechanical aids to recreation and stuffy diversions, and shown us the supreme merit of simple pleasures and outdoor recreations, and revealed to us the means to find them in Nature for ourselves, even now in this teeming little island given over to the triumphs of science over natural forces. If 1955 has proved that man can breakfast in London, lunch in New York and dine in London, it will be marked with a white chalk in scientific records. If it has persuaded the rising generation to " speak to the Earth and it shall teach thee " where true happiness is still to be found even now, even here in this crowded little island, among toys *not* made with men's hands, but picked up on the beaches and warmed with the sun, then 1955 should find its place and mention in the history of England and its famous summer be recorded as a GOOD THING. No reason yet to cry for the moon. Pay-packets and TV are not the whole story of human happiness, and there is no new thing under the sun.

Facing the Future.—Soon enough now the nation will be getting down to brass-tacks again, facing the future and the still unsure present. The Foreign Ministers will be exploring world peace at Geneva, new men will perhaps be recruited to the Government, and the Opposition will be reconstructing its Shadow Cabinet. For all of us it will be a dive back into the icy pool of reality. We shall all return home to find a nasty crop of little bills to pay. A Premier or other Cabinet Minister suits his discourse to his audience, and when he speaks to a friendly Tory audience in a stately home of England, a Tory Premier may judiciously select the points most likely to appeal to his hearers. Such points would include an assurance that the Government exists to lead and to decide and intends to do both ; that the burden of taxation has been lightened, and that under God and the Tories the country enjoys unprecedented prosperity and enviable social services. But every artist in words or colours knows the value of shadows and contrasts. These boons cannot all come at once, in a day ; cannot be achieved without sweat and blood—a warning note which depresses the City with fears of an autumn Budget. It is difficult to believe that any of the members of the reconstructed Cabinet and Shadow Cabinet will doubt that, unless we all work harder and increase our exports in ever more competitive markets, the pretty picture of the future round the corner will vanish in smoke. For you and me, it will be a very cold dive into reality when we open the bills on the hall table and glance into our empty coal-cellar and larder. What lies round *our* corner is clear enough to see—a damp and chilly autumn and winter to be lived out beyond our means. For *our* share in government and leadership at the beginning of a new Parliament, *our* chance to put things right, is pretty oblique and slender.

Labour Trouble in Germany.—Do we in Britain derive inverted comfort from the fact that, rather sooner than expected, the industrious Germans are beginning to catch the Oliver Twist infection and to ask for more. Ever since the war ended, the German Unions, and, indeed, all the West German nation, concentrated on the supreme task of reconstruction, sinking personal and sectional aims, and, industrially, they pulled their country round quicker, in regard to their handicaps, than did France after Sedan and the debacle. The inhabited earth has much work to do to feed and service humanity, and those who are willing to work hardest for the common good receive their reward in a balanced national economy and preference for their goods and services in the ever more competitive world market. So it was for the Germans. They could sell cheaper and offer swifter guarantees of service than our victorious nation, so long concerned to obtain individual reward for victory ; and, above all, in their shipping centres and ports. But these centres are always the first to catch the Oliver Twist infection and to match the sectional demands with the rising prosperity of the industries they work for. In a very brief time Germany has climbed to second place among the shipbuilding nations, and no doubt the bosses and shareholders have realised prosperity and shown it in their way of life. That indeed, quite as surely as the rising cost of living, is a prime impetus to workers' demands for shorter hours and more pay—a share of the honey the workers make and the drones feed on. It is perhaps a " simplification " of facts, but good enough as Union argument, which sweeps aside the counter statistics put out by the Chairman of the Stock Exchange. And now, after years of peace in industry with its satisfactory results, the German Unions are demanding a forty-hour week, and the German Government and industrialists can hardly look cheerfully on this adoption of a policy of cakes and ales which pursued by their rivals in trade, gave to Germany and Japan such opportunities to regain old, and secure new markets.

Teenage Drinkers.—I had in my hand a recent report by the Economic Research Council on the increase in drunkenness among young people. Based on percentage of increase, it read alarmingly. Based on percentage of delinquent to population it was hardly worth the trouble of investigation. If in a block of twenty county boroughs, twenty girls under twenty-one years old are convicted of drunkenness in a single year, there is no cause for national alarm. The majority of this handful of exuberant teenagers have probably done no more than to continue to dance in the street after the close of a duly licensed dance, and may well have lost their senses from a thimbleful of gin in a glass of ginger-ale. One serious-minded young policeman, concerned with his dignity, might well brand as topers a couple of giggling schoolgirls. I don't believe drunkenness in young or old is one of our pressing social problems to-day. I well recall the last days of the Victorian age in my youth and the Saturday night procession of drunks which roared and reeled past our windows when the Bell and Horns closed its doors. Gin was cheap, then, and that *was* a social problem. But in 1955 ? Once a year, we sit solemnly on our rural Bench to hear the Super's annual licensing report, and last year (he was sorry to have to say) the convictions for drunkenness in our Division increased by 100 per cent. Sensation in Court, modified when he added that the two guilty parties were " foreigners " and not local residents. I don't think the police are grown tolerant of drunks. I don't think there is yet need to raise the still very trivial maximum fine. It costs such a disproportionate sum to earn the right to pay that fine that the wonder to me is that any defendant, adult or child, can ever come up before the beak. In my Division we average one conviction a year. No, I don't think (save in the case of driving a car) that drunkards to-day demand Boards of Investigation.

IN THE RED LODGE AT BRISTOL

A CIVIC OCCASION FOR THE SCIENTISTS : A view of the reception for overseas visitors to the annual meeting of the British Association, which was held at Red Lodge, headquarters of the Bristol Savages Club, in Park Row.

A Year of Records.—A balance-sheet on Crusoe's lines may be struck for the records of 1955. The summer's warmth and sunshine were a record. Good, but there was a long drought and much damage was done to roots and gardens. In the first seven

aths of this year 11,000,000 workers shared increases 4,000,000 a week in wages, excluding overtime—ecord. Good, but some of these millions are ening their mouths again this year. Bad, but the el of production, despite the strikes, has risen 7½ per cent. over last year's average. Good, but re are still half the workers of Britain, who have d no rises this year, just about to ask for them. d, because every wage increase stimulates inflation d makes it harder for our industries to compete in ports in the world's competitive markets. But some our industries continue to provide their shareholders th handsome profits. Good, if true, for the share-lders; but bad, if untrue, since it encourages the rkers to outrageous demands. One of our planes w after breakfast to New York for luncheon and got me again for dinner. Good, but it was an expensive ncheon. And some of our athletes ran faster than ir fathers ever ran. Good. But what good came it at last is anybody's guess. Whither away, in such arned hurry? Anyway, every way, it was a record ar, and records are what we appreciate.

Great Victorians.—A late note (for record) two famous Victorians. Medical science furnishes with no clear indication why a few people, and of tally different physical types, so long cheat the almist's age limit. Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, arried from the schoolroom when I was seven years d. During all the last years of the old regime, her diant loveliness at the top of the grand staircase Stafford House impressed itself on the privileged d became a prototype for novelists. She and her diance were legends. When the 1914 war came to rn our world upside down, she revealed what all e Victorians of the privileged circle were perfectly pable of showing—an ability instantly to fit herself o a totally new world of manners, customs and bits of thought. And Mr. Cox of the London brary? *Not* in later life of a figure to suggest gevity, nor practising a way of life to foster health. ree years before I was born, he joined the reading-om staff of the London Library and began to collect e heads of Victorian big-game for his latter-day useum of anecdotes. He had known them all, talked them all—Huxley, Gladstone, Herbert Spencer, sky. The older he grew, the more intimate in his mory grew their conversations with him " on equal ms." Perhaps it was their greatness that lent a ge of patronage to his favours when he unbent wards lesser men and authors of a drabber age. not seldom favoured me with a few words " off record " when I was changing books at the counter, d a very small worm he made me feel, and as a rm I sometimes turned. Mr. Cox lived on his mories. Millicent Duchess lived in the present. th were great Victorians. Both make us wonder ether our lives are empty dreams, whether there r was a Victorian (or an Edwardian) era, with their ls and goddesses in whiskers and diamonds at the of the golden staircases, lashing their tails in ndon palaces in brilliant idleness.

Gilbert White's Home.—An event which m sorry to have missed was the opening of The kes, at Selborne, Gilbert White's old home. When scheme to acquire this historic home for the public first promulgated, it was intended to reduce the lding to the state in which it was during White's upancy. But generous donations of ornithological raries and other scientific projects soon followed the nouncement of the plan, and the modern additions White's home—which are not unsightly—are ded to house these records. The house under the nous hanger is unspoilt. The village is charming and famous for its thatch. The Plaistor and the rchyard are much as White knew them. The ning was by the Duke of Wellington, the County's rd-Lieutenant. He is, *inter alia*, the President of e Jane Austen Society and very active in its inter-s. And I have a feeling that these two Hampshire rines—Chawton Cottage and The Wakes—will be the years to come a dual target for sightseers and rists from all over the world. They lie only a lking distance apart. Unquestionably Jane's father st have sometimes met White during diocesan siness, though Steventon lies some miles from Sel-rne, of which White was not the incumbent; and ne herself may have known him. These two famous rthies and neighbours in Hampshire should com-ne for propaganda purposes. The indefatigable Sir rry Brittain did much in the early stages to whip interest in the " Wakes " project with his custom-dynamic powers, and it must please him that the ject has so quickly and successfully borne fruit and t the Trust has Dr. W. S. Scott to look after its trests. The house is now open to the public at a all fee every day (except Monday) between 3 and p.m. and in autumn and spring the Hanger is a light to the eye.

THE OLD STAGER

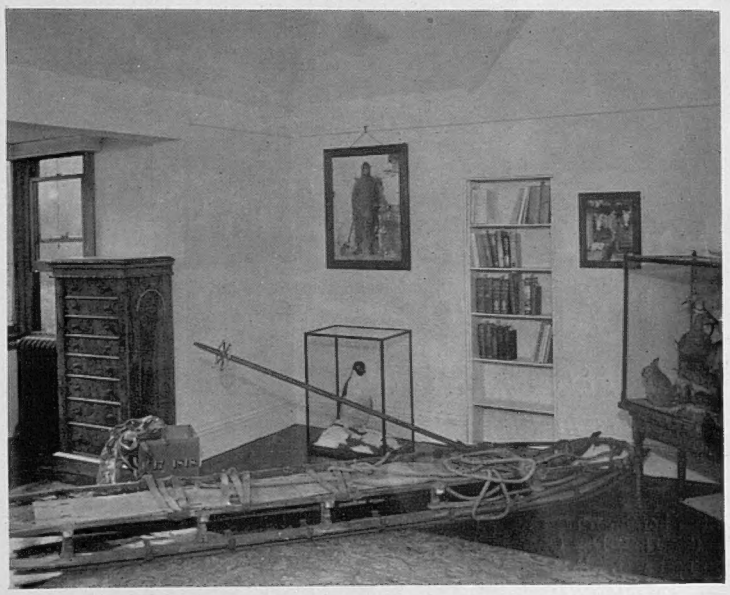
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE FUTURE OF MALTA

AND EVENTS LEADING TO THE FORTHCOMING DISCUSSIONS ON CLOSER ASSOCIATION WITH THE UNITED KINGDOM

THE GILBERT WHITE MUSEUM IS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

GILBERT WHITE'S HOME AT SELBORNE: The Wakes, the Hampshire home of the celebrated naturalist, has been restored for its opening to the public. The Gilbert White Museum has been made possible by many gifts, including a large trust fund donated by Mr. Robert W. Oates.



RELICS OF THE PAST: The sundial in the garden, and, *on right*—The Captain Oates room in the museum, which contains the explorer's sledge and other items.

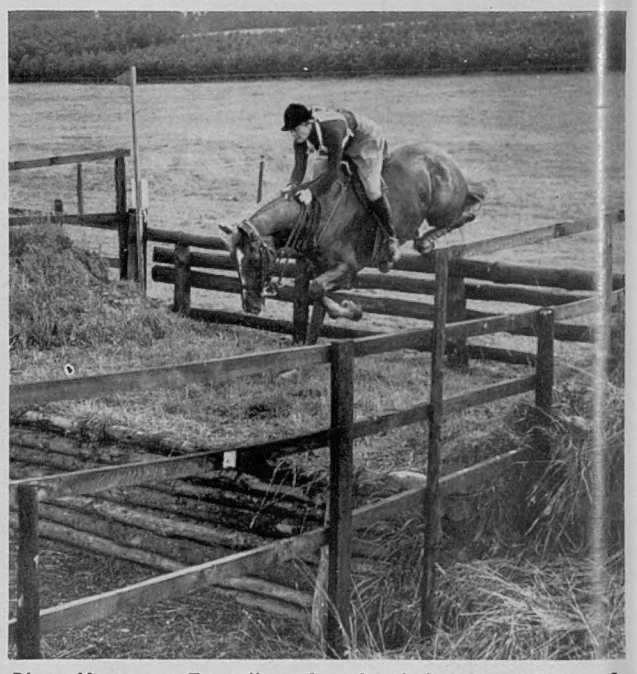
GILBERT WHITE'S STUDY WITH THE ORIGINAL FURNITURE: It forms part of the museum at The Wakes which has now been endowed as "a perpetual memorial of the father of English Natural History." The opening ceremony of the museum, which was performed earlier this week by the Duke of Wellington, Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, was attended by subscribers to the appeal launched last year. The names of the subscribers are to be inscribed in a book which will eventually be placed in the museum. The Old Stager comments on "Gilbert White's Home" in A London Newsletter.

A GERMAN IS THIRD IN DRESSAGE : Herr Klaus Wagner, on Schlachtenbummler, is in the ring during the dressage event at the Three-Day Trials of the British Horse Society at Harewood, in Yorkshire, last week. Herr Wagner was placed sixth in the final result, first being Britain's Lieut.-Colonel Weldon, on Kilbarry. The trials produced some splendid horsemanship.

HORSE TRIALS AT HAREWOOD

British Riders have Great Success in the Annual Three-Day Event

British horsemen are already looking towards the Three-Day Olympic Trials at Stockholm next year. If the standard at the Harewood Three-Day Trials last week is any criterion, then Britain has every reason for confidence. Lieut.-Colonel Weldon's win on Kilbarry, with a minus score of 21.33 was outstanding. Indeed, they are an outstanding pair who have won in every open event in which they have competed this year. Captain Naylor-Leyland, riding Bright Prospect, came into second place with 53.59 points. Third, fourth and fifth were women, Miss Moreton, from Ireland, on Copper Coin (84.25 points), Miss Willcox, on High and Mighty (93.44) and Mrs. Boon on Neptune (145.45). However, women are debarred from competing in the Olympic Three-Day Trials. Sixth was Herr Wagner of Germany on Schlachtenbummler. At the conclusion of the Harewood Trials the awards were presented by the Princess Royal, who had missed very little of the three days.



SPEED AND ENDURANCE : *Left*—In this section of the Trials Miss Diana Mason, on Tramella, takes the timber-wagon jump. On the previous day they had come second in the dressage. *Right*—Neptune, ridden by Mrs. V. I. Boon, jumps through other Speed and Endurance obstacles. This pair, winners of all the events in 1953, were finally placed fifth this year.

THE WINNER : Lieut.-Colonel Weldon and Kilbarry take a jump going across country on their way to final victory.

THE RUNNER-UP : Another British entry, Bright Prospect, ridden by Captain Naylor-Leyland, was second at the end of the three days at Harewood, out of an original field of twenty.

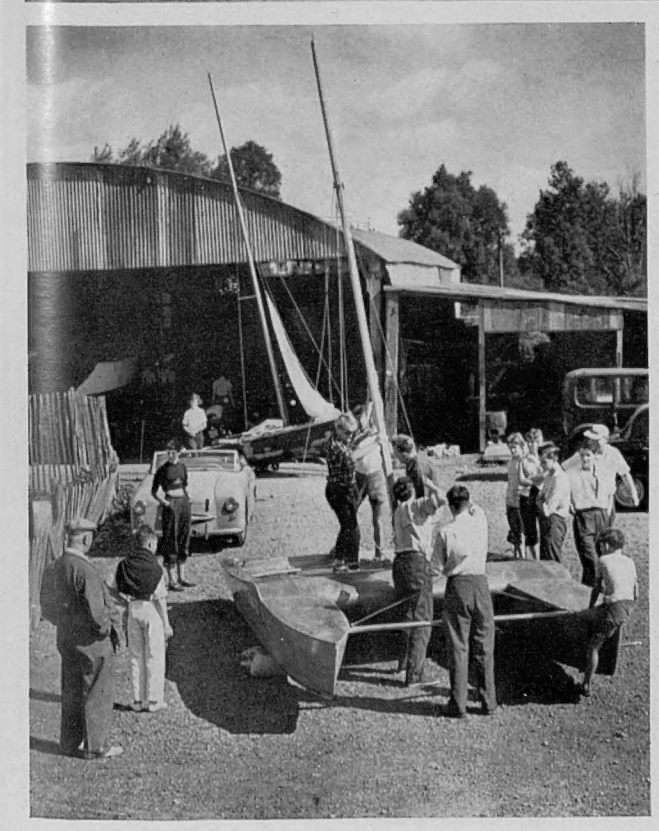
A WOMAN RIDER IS THIRD : Ireland's pair, Miss P. Moreton and Copper Coin, were third. Women also took fourth (Miss Willcox) and fifth placings (Mrs. Boon) in the final result.

RACING AT BURNHAM—YACHTS COMPETE IN THE B.2 CLASS HANDICAP ON THE OPENING DAY OF BURNHAM WEEK: This race was won by the yacht *Paprika*, sailed by Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Heath. The weather on the first day was generally fine, but the light westerly wind tended to mar some of the sailing. In the Dragon Class races, the royal yacht *Bluebottle* was beaten by Mr. P. Diyas, a local champion in *Viking*. *Bluebottle* came second. Racing on the first day did not count for points in the week's aggregate trophy competitions.

BURNHAM WEEK

Pictures of the First Day's Racing at the Royal Burnham Yacht Club Last weekend

On left—BREEZES WERE HARD TO FIND AT BURNHAM: Two of these three Yachts in the Royal Burnham One-design class wait anxiously for wind to fill their spinnakers. From left to right are Cyril Sweett's *Annette*; *Vaurnine*, owned by A. E. Clark, which came in second place, and *Quartz*, owned by P. J. Harvey. The race was won by Mr. C. W. Sanderson's *Jade*.



THE FIRST RACE DURING BURNHAM WEEK: Three yachts in the A Class Handicap make the best of the light winds. On the right is Mr. J. Boone's *Trio*. The race was won by *Hyacinth*, owned by Mr. W. D. Baddeley. *On left*—Mr. Francis Prout helps to step the mast on his unorthodox yacht *Sheerwater*.

AN AMAZING CAR TRIAL

The Three-Week Redex Reliability Trial Covers 10,533 Miles Round Australia

The Round Australia Reliability Trial organised by Redex Products has, in the space of a few years, so captured the imagination of the motor sports-minded public that it is second only to the Melbourne Cup in nationwide sporting popularity. The trial provides an exhausting test of endurance for car and driver alike. Covering 10,533 miles round the continent in three weeks in the same vehicle, over routes which have hardly a track, let alone a road, and in climates as various as they are often unpleasant, would indeed be an achievement. The drivers who come into Sydney next Sunday will be acclaimed by the Australian public as heroes, whether they win one of the valuable prizes or not. To complete the course at all is tribute enough to them and to their cars.

There will not be many who return to Sydney. At the half-way stage at Port Headland, Western Australia, less than half the original 117 starters remained. Among the hazards encountered were kangaroos. At night they seemed to take a delight in jumping out of the darkness into the beams of the headlights. They frequently landed on radiators and damaged wings and lamps. A man-made threat to competitors came from a 16-ton load of dynamite which was being driven along the Trial course between Port Headland and Darwin. This difficult road is only wide enough for one vehicle, and the truck-driver had strict instructions not to leave the road under any circumstances. So the competitors were subjected to additional hazards by being forced to leave the road.

THREE WEEKS TO GO—AT THE START OF THE 1955 REDEX TRIAL AT PARRAMATTA PARK, NEAR SYDNEY : A huge crowd came to see 117 starters leave the park on their 10,533-mile journey round Australia. The trial was due to end at Sydney just three weeks later. At the half-way stage barely fifty competitors were left in this tough endurance test.

ON THE DUSTY TRACKS OF QUEENSLAND : This Holden car, driven by W. J. Robinson, throws up dust as the driver, who comes from New South Wales, tries to make up for lost time on the 148-mile stretch between Marlborough and Sarina, Queensland.

SPLASHING THROUGH A CREEK : The MG 1500, entered by P. and R. Williams, Pty., Ltd., of Sydney, is on the way to Sarina less than twenty hours after the start. All the first eighty cars on this "horror" stretch of coast road lost points.

ON QUEENSLAND'S "HORROR STRETCH" : The navigator guides J. Murray and his Fiat 1500 over a dried-up creek on this part of the course, where intense heat, creeks dry and full, and roving kangaroos provided the natural hazards for cars and drivers. *On right*—The wreckage of a car which crashed into a tree 22 miles from Rockhampton. The crew received serious injuries.

BRITAIN'S NEW LIGHT HELICOPTER—THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE FAIREY ULTRA LIGHT HELICOPTER WHICH IS MAKING ITS PUBLIC DEBUT AT FARNBOROUGH THIS WEEK : This rotary-wing aircraft has successfully completed its initial flight tests at White Waltham Aerodrome, near Maidenhead, after some months of ground testing. It is designed for use by the Army as an observation plane and general "run-about."

A HELICOPTER FOR THE ARMY

The Fairey Ultra Light Communications and Observation Aircraft which has made its Debut at Farnborough this week

As long ago as before the war, rotary-winged aircraft were being thought of in terms of communications aircraft, and early on during the war a number were sent to France for this purpose. Results of trials were not made known, but the idea never really caught on with the Army. Then the design of the light aeroplane progressed considerably and the well-known Auster aircraft had the field to themselves for many years. Even the development of the helicopter into something more than a freak failed to displace them. Helicopters generally were, and in most cases still are, too costly to run and too difficult to service under front-line conditions.

The Fairey Ultra Light helicopter is the first in this country designed to replace the observation aeroplane. It is powered by a Blackburn-Turbomeca Palouste turbo-generator which supplies compressed air to the Fairey pressure-jet units at the blade-tips. A crew of two is carried in a cockpit giving excellent all-round and downwards visibility. The observer's seat can face either forwards or to the rear. Although robust in construction, it is light enough to be lifted manually and can be carried in a standard Army three-ton truck. The Fairey Ultra Light helicopter will bring tactical reconnaissance within reach of commanders of small formations in forward areas, and as a run-about its ability to land almost anywhere makes it unrivalled by any other aircraft in use to-day. The helicopter made its maiden flight at White Waltham piloted by Squadron-Leader W. R. Gellatly, Fairey's Senior Helicopter Test Pilot.

FOR THE NAVY OF TO-MORROW

On right—

A REPLACEMENT FOR THE CRUISER : This is an artist's impression of a guided-missile ship which may be in service with the Navy in some years' time. Bristling with radar aerials and strange electronic devices in plastic domes, these ships as envisaged by the First Lord of the Admiralty in a speech some months ago would be "something over 10,000 tons and the obvious successor to the cruiser." A ship such as this could fire many different types of weapons. The original of this painting is at present on view to the public at the "Meet the Navy" Exhibition at Charing Cross Station.

CLEARING THE DEBRIS : On a railway bridge at Waterbury, Connecticut, rubble and derailed freight cars are being lifted. This scene is typical of the repair work proceeding in the North-East States of the U.S.A. after the recent flood disaster.

IN THE WAKE OF A HURRICANE : After "Diane" had struck—for this was the name given to the catastrophe by the U.S. authorities—a relief and reconstruction team is clearing the debris by a bridge in Waterbury.

"A REALITY WORSE THAN PICTURES"

Salvage and Repair After the Floods in the North-East of the United States

When President Eisenhower had seen for himself the damage done last month by the hurricane "Diane" to six States in the north-east of the United States of America, he broadcast his impressions. He declared that the reality of the destruction was far worse than anything which could be reproduced by pictures in the newspapers or on television.

The "less than reality" pictures on this page will support his opinion. An impression of the effects of Nature in all its full fury can still not be captured by human instruments. It is something beyond their capabilities. One looks at the piles of rubble and debris, by a bridge in one town, by a street crossing in another. One seems to be in a desert of nightmare destruction, and in a situation which no human agency as yet can prevent.

The disaster of "Diane" demanded a toll of at least 200 lives. The extent of the damage to property in hard cash has still to be estimated. In one State alone it has been put at £350,000,000. At present those engaged on the work of relief, reconstruction and rehabilitation probably equal in numbers forty battalions of the United States Army engineers. And it is unlikely that their operations will be concluded for some time to come.

50,000,000 DOLLARS DAMAGE : A section of the main line between Boston and Albany hangs apparently suspended in mid-air near Wilbraham, Massachusetts. The devastating floods had washed away a bridge over the Chicopee River. The damaged sections of this line may cost 50,000,000 dollars in repair and reconstruction.

THE CENTRE OF A TOWN : A Civilian Defence volunteer is on duty at what was once a busy street-crossing in Waterbury. A fortnight after the floods these streets were still closed because of the effects of the waters on their foundations.

SALVAGING A VALUED POSSESSION : Young men bring out a piano in the ruins of Ansonia, Connecticut. It is calculated that manpower and equipment equivalent to forty Army engineer battalions are working on repairs.

THE "FORRESTAL" PUTS TO SEA: The world's largest aircraft-carrier, which has been built for the United States Navy, moves majestically out from Newport News dockyard, Virginia, into the James River to begin her sea trials. *On left*—Tugs nudge their gigantic charge clear of the jetty, while a U.S. Naval blimp floats overhead. The *Forrestal*, which weighs 59,000 tons, was to have had a five-day trial run in the Atlantic about 150 miles from the Virginia Capes, but on the second day she was beset by serious mechanical trouble. A propeller shaft bearing melted and affected the thrust on the number three shaft. Later, while proceeding on her remaining three shafts at a reduced speed, another bearing melted and it was decided to return to Newport News. On board the *Forrestal* were 2,300 persons, about two-thirds of her normal complement. They included key members of her crew and Government officials. Also on board was a team of Naval inspectors who noted the ship's performance.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER

The First Trials of the U.S. Navy's "Forrestal" are Marred by Mechanical Trouble

b

THE WORLD IN REVIEW

A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF FOREIGN NEWS EVENTS FROM THE FIVE CONTINENTS

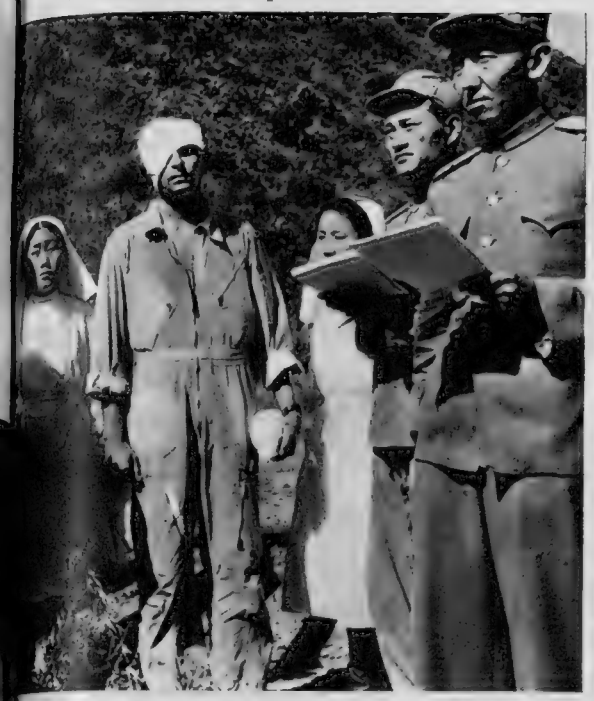
GENERAL BOYER DE LATOUR'S MOMENT OF TRIUMPH IN TUNISIA BEFORE TAKING UP HIS NEW BURDEN IN MOROCCO: Standing hatless in the centre the General, at the time French Resident-General in Tunisia, watches the Bey of Tunis, in the Palace of Carthage, add his signature to the agreements granting Home Rule to Tunisia. Almost immediately afterwards General Boyer left Tunis for Casablanca to succeed M. Grandval as Resident-General in Morocco.

By all the standards set by French Residents-General in the North African territories General Boyer de Latour's period in office in Tunisia has been an outstanding success. During this time France has granted Home Rule to the territory, and the relevant agreements were signed only last week. Immediately afterwards General Boyer left Tunis for Morocco, where he was appointed to succeed M. Grandval as Resident-General. M. Grandval's programme of co-operation with the Moroccan nationalists was so detested and opposed by the European community in Morocco that nothing less than unflinching support from Paris could have kept him in power. The massacres of August 20, however, seemed to provide irrefutable evidence that M. Grandval's methods were wrong. For a time it looked as if M. Faure might be able to bargain with M. Grandval's resignation for the dismissal of the Sultan, but El Glaoui and his supporters have proved themselves to be too tenacious for that. General Boyer will be welcomed by Nationalists and French Government supporters alike for the part he played in granting Tunisian Home Rule. No doubt the General himself hopes that nothing succeeds like success.

THREE MEN WITH DIFFERENT VIEWS ON THE SUDAN CRISIS: Full of smiles at the Presidency in Cairo are, from left, Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister; Sir Alexander Knox Helm, Governor-General of the Sudan; and Major Salah Salem, at the time Minister for National Guidance and Sudan Affairs. They met when Sir Knox Helm stopped in Cairo on his way to Khartoum. He had been urgently recalled from leave in Britain after the mutiny in southern Sudan. Four days after, it was announced that Major Salem had been granted indefinite leave, and later his resignation was accepted. It is generally believed that this indicates a change in Egypt's attitude towards the Sudan. Major Salem's crude interference with Sudan's internal affairs had roused the anger of Sudanese politicians of all parties. Colonel Nasser himself may now usher in a new period of friendly Egyptian-Sudan relations.

THE TWO-DAY FIRE AT AN INDIANA OIL REFINERY: Black smoke rises from the Standard Oil Company's refinery at Whiting, Indiana, on the second day of the fire, which had been touched off by two explosions in a hydroformer, seen on the edge of the smoke at left. *On right*—A big plate of steel, almost as large as a house, lies on top of a home four blocks away from the refinery. It had been hurled by the force of the explosion and smashed the building. In one of the bedrooms was a three-year-old boy, who was killed. Ten hours later another great explosion shook the refinery and the town, when a tank containing 3,000,000 gallons of naphtha exploded. Heat from the blast was felt a mile away, and twelve people had to be treated for burns. Altogether two people were killed, the boy and a plant foreman, who had a heart attack. Nearly forty were taken to hospital with injuries, and 950 families were evacuated from near-by houses.

AN INVESTITURE IN BRISBANE: Sir William Slim, Governor-General of Australia, is seen at an investiture at Government House in the capital of Queensland. Kneeling to receive the accolade of knighthood is Sir Alexander Murphy, President of the Royal Australasian College of Physicians.



AMERICAN AIRMAN IS RETURNED TO FREEDOM BY THE NORTH KOREANS : Lieutenant Guy H. Bumpass, of the United States Air Force, is accompanied by two North Korean nurses as, heavily bandaged, he is returned to the United Nations side of the demilitarised zone near Kumhwa, on the Korean central front. At right stands the North Korean Colonel who effected the hand-over. Lieutenant Bumpass had been shot down over North Korea while flying near the truce line in an unarmed training plane. His passenger, Captain Charles W. Brown, was killed when the aircraft crashed. His body was also returned to the United Nations at the same time.

AUSTRIA'S DOCTORS AND DENTISTS GO ON STRIKE : Police guard the entrance to a hospital in Vienna, run by a health insurance company, as doctors outside demonstrate against the Austrian Government's scheme for a new health insurance service. Backed by their professional associations, doctors and dentists staged a two-day nation-wide strike to protest against a scheme which, they claimed, would give health insurance companies a monopoly of medical treatment and would endanger the livelihood of medical practitioners. In Vienna there were disturbances, but no clashes with the large numbers of police called out to deal with the strike. Elsewhere in Austria protest marches passed off without incident.

A GREAT WATER SUPPLY SCHEME FOR A SMALL SOUTH AFRICAN COMMUNITY : The official opening of the Stettynskloof Dam by Mr. Paul Sauer, South African Minister of Irrigation and Lands. The dam lies in the heart of the Drakenstein mountain range twenty miles from the township of Worcester, for which it is to supply 8,000,000 gallons of water a day. The dam cost £1,250,000, and has a capacity of 1,000,000,000 gallons.

On left—

THE LATEST ROUND OF DISARMAMENT TALKS OPENS IN NEW YORK : The chief Soviet delegate, Mr. Arkady A. Sobolev, raises the gavel as he opens the present session of the five-power sub-committee of the United Nations Disarmament Commission in New York. Britain is represented by Mr. Anthony Nutting, the United States by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, France by M. Jules Moch, and Canada by Mr. Paul Martin.

JAPAN'S FOREIGN MINISTER IN WASHINGTON : Mr. Mamoru Shigemitsu with the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, before their formal talks at the State Department in Washington. As a result of their discussions, which lasted three days, it was agreed that efforts should be made for Japan to become responsible for her own defence. Mr. Shigemitsu's request for an early release of Japanese war criminals was turned down, but it was agreed that the matter would be kept under examination ; in the meantime, twenty-seven minor war criminals are to be released on parole. The State Department flatly turned down the Japanese request for the return of territories which they considered to be "rightfully ours."

ANOTHER YACHT EXPLODES ON THE RIVIERA : The wrecked British yacht *Naiad* after an explosion in Cannes had caused injuries to eight people. She is here seen burning shortly before she sank. In the background can be seen one of the launches from the United States Navy destroyer tender *Arcadia*, which raced to the scene of the fire. The owner of the yacht, Mrs. Mary Rogers, of Cape Town, together with her daughter, and the Master and an Australian deckhand, were taken to hospital with injuries. As the yacht sank, 170 gallons of blazing fuel poured on to the harbour waters. This is the tenth explosion on board a yacht in the Riviera this summer. The heat is said to affect fuel stores on board.

"SARAH" DOES THE TRICK—R.A.F. MEN WAVE TO A SHACKLETON RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT DURING A DEMONSTRATION OF NEW AIR-SEA RESCUE TECHNIQUES: The Shackleton was guided to the "survivors" by means of a miniature wireless. On the right of the picture is a marker beacon. *On right*—A "survivor" sitting in a one-man dinghy is holding the small radio known as "Sarah."

AIR-SEA RESCUE BY THE R.A.F.

DEMONSTRATIONS, BOTH PLANNED AND UNEXPECTED, OFF SELSEY BILL

Many thousands of people have good reason to thank the Air-Sea Rescue section of the R.A.F., and the Air Ministry, realising the value of this unit, both for aircrew and for holiday-makers and distressed mariners, are to increase the number of rescue stations around the British Isles. Already five are in existence and more are planned for the near future. The announcement was made at a demonstration of some of the latest techniques used off Selsey Bill. Among the devices shown was SARAH (search and rescue and home), a small radio weighing only 3 lb. which is carried in a Mae West. After escaping from a crashed aircraft, the airman can easily raise a small aerial and, for twenty-four hours, the radio will send a beam signal which can be picked up by searching aircraft up to 75 miles away. The pilot can also speak to the aircraft crew. The demonstration included rescue techniques by helicopters of the scoop-net and winch.

WINCHING THEM UP: A rescue helicopter hovers over a dinghy and lowers a line by which aircrew will be hauled up into the aircraft. *Below*—A "survivor" is lowered from the helicopter into a rescue launch. Just after this picture was taken the helicopter seen here crashed.

SCOOPING THEM UP: This now well-known device invented by a Royal Navy officer was among the techniques demonstrated by the Royal Air Force Coastal Rescue Service. Since it has been in use the scoop-net has proved its worth many times in actual rescues.

THE HELICOPTER WHICH CRASHED—AN UNEXPECTED DEMONSTRATION : The *top picture* shows the helicopter, a Westland Whirlwind, at the moment it hit the water close to the launch carrying Pressmen and R.A.F. officers. The impact ruptured the tail boom, which has already started to break from the main fuselage. The *centre picture* shows the helicopter a few seconds later as it wallows helplessly on its side. The tail boom has almost broken off completely. The main rotor is almost still, but the faster-moving tail rotor sends up a spurt of sea-water as it goes under. In the *bottom picture*, the two crew members, pilot and navigator, are seen just after they had surfaced. Neither was injured. The helicopter had just lowered a man on to the near-by Press launch and was moving off for another demonstration when there was a sudden loss of power. The aircraft plummeted into the sea and broke its back. The rotors narrowly missed sweeping the decks of the crowded launch. After a few seconds, the pilot bobbed up from the water after escaping through a cockpit window : he was closely followed by the navigator, who had been in the lower cabin and who escaped through the door, which was already open. The two men were picked up by another near-by launch. They were safely on board the launch within three minutes of the crash taking place.

CIDER-DRINKING AND ITS TRADITIONS

What was Once a Country Drink, and Largely a West Country Drink, has Become an Urban and a National One; Cider-making is now Big Business, and the Old Home Industry is Disappearing

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE outset of the cider-apple harvest reminds me that one of the most astonishing things about William Shakespeare is that nowhere in any of his works does he mention cider. Yet you cannot deny that he was a countryman with a deep and intimate knowledge of country ways and country affairs. That being so, it is all the more odd that he should nowhere mention cider.

He does mention the apple. He makes eleven references in general terms to the apple and, in addition, he mentions a number of varieties by name. One of these, as one would expect, is the crab-apple. The wild apple, the crab-apple, is a native tree of Britain, but it has also a wide Continental distribution. All the many varieties of eating and cooking apples now in existence (and they number well over 1,000) spring from this common wild stock. As with so many things, the cultivated apple was probably brought to Britain by the Romans and new varieties would have come in later years in the course of normal commerce.

By the sixteenth century the orchards of Britain must have been well stocked with apples of many different kinds, and it is, perhaps, rather surprising that Shakespeare should mention only eight, omitting several listed by his contemporary, John Gerard. But Shakespeare was always very careful never to be above the heads of his audience. We can take it that the eight he does mention were common and well known to town audiences. Yet he does not mention the drink, made from apples, which we know to have been the common beverage of the people at that time. "The servants," Gerard informs us, "drink for the most part no other drink, but such as is made from apples." It really is very odd indeed.

Shakespeare does, of course, mention the apple in connection with a drink. The line in *Love's Labour's Lost*—

And roasted crabs hiss in the bowl

is an obvious reference to "Lamb's Wool," which was made from ale, nutmeg, sugar and roasted crab-apples. Peele, in the *Old Wives' Tale*, mentions the drink under its proper name:

Lay a crab in the fire to roast for lamb's wool.

All sorts of fanciful derivations have been suggested to account for the name, but I do not think that there can be any doubt that it was so named from its smoothness and softness.

Lamb's Wool (and under that very name) is still drunk here and there in rural Britain. I have drunk it myself on a number of occasions within the last two years in Wales, in Yorkshire and in Northumberland. Indeed, I have been given, in a small inn in Pickering, in Yorkshire—and without requesting it particularly—the full Herrick recipe. That, I think, must now be very unusual.

Cider is a very ancient drink. Since it can be made of crab-apples (though that is rather a harsh drink to modern taste), it may well have been made in England in pre-Roman times. If it was not, the Romans would certainly have introduced it along with the cultivated apple, for it was already a common drink in France. I have seen it stated in a recent book that cider was first developed in England in Devon towards the end of the reign of the first Elizabeth: a pleasant example of local patriotism and pride, but absolute nonsense. Cider was drunk all over Britain long before the first Tudor left Wales.

It would be quite impossible to say which county first developed cider-making on a large scale, but Hereford undoubtedly has a much better claim than Devon. There is proof of this in the Cathedral Library in Hereford. In the Book of Judges, the fourth verse of Chapter XIII, is the warning given to the mother of the yet-unborn Samson: "Now therefore beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink." In the fourteenth century Nicholas de Hereford assisted Wycliffe in the translation of the Bible into English. He translated this passage, and he wrote it, "*drink no cider.*" There can be no doubt which was the common strong drink in Herefordshire in the fourteenth century.

The apples used for cider-making in those days were the bitter-sweets. The Bitter Sweeting was one of the varieties mentioned by name by Shakespeare. Mercutio, in *Romeo and Juliet*, commenting on Romeo's wit, says: "Thy wit is a very Bitter Sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce." The Bitter Sweeting is a deep red fruit, slightly smaller than the average dessert apple and sub-acid in flavour. Many of the bitter-sweets have the word "Norman" as part of their name—White Norman, Cherry Norman, Strawberry Norman, and so forth—which suggests that they are of French origin. The French, of course, were expert cider-makers long before the English, and it seems probable that these bitter-sweets were brought to the Welsh Border country by the Lords Marchers shortly after the Conquest. They still survive in some old country orchards, but they are little used to-day except, occasionally, mixed with crabs for the making of the real old-fashioned "rough" cider, the true farmhouse drink.

At one time practically every farmhouse in Herefordshire—and a great many throughout the West Country—had its cider-press. This was worked by an old horse dragging a millstone, weighing a ton, round and round a stone trough, grinding the apples to a "pummy." One can still see a few of these old cider-mills, but I should doubt if there are many in use in the country to-day. This type of mill was superseded by one with steel cutters and two heavy revolving stones which had to be worked by hand, and required two men to do it. Some of these mills are still in use—I have myself taken a hand at the handle (and dreadfully hard work it is)—and some have been fitted up with small oil engines. But mostly, I think, the stones now decorate rockeries.

Cider, as a universal country drink in England, suffered its first great blow in the Napoleonic Wars. Men grew wheat—as they have had to do in subsequent wars—and many an orchard was grubbed up. Cider, of course, continued to be made, but now almost entirely for home consumption and for the workers on the farms. Good, sturdy drink was essential on the farms. The old-time harvester, for example, had seven meals a day: the dew-bit at 4 a.m., the sun-bit, 'levenses, the noon-bit (known as the nammet in Hampshire), nuncheon, dinner (known as beaser in Suffolk and as progger in Kent), and fourses. And at all these meals, including the dew-bit, the real old-timer drank cider. His consumption per day was positively heroic.

Each man, in that golden age, carried his cider (provided by the farmer) into the fields with him. A variety of receptacles was used for this purpose. There was a leathern bottle, known as the Bombard, which did not look in the least like a bottle. It was made of seasoned hide, double-welted and cross-stitched with waxed thread, and pitch was sometimes used to seal the inside. These leathern bottles were of various shapes (according to the county), but the most common were oblong, with a flat base and ends, and with rounded sides curving to meet the mouth at the top. I saw these in use in the harvest fields when I was a boy, though they may have been filled with beer. Now you see them in the antique shops.

There were also small barrels, known as bottles or costrels. These, too, I have seen in use in the harvest fields. You may still, occasionally, see them hanging up in farmhouses, but mostly these, too, have found their way into the antique shops. The custom was for the men to leave their empty bottles at the farmhouse door and to collect them, filled, on their way to work in the morning. All that has gone. The modern farm labourer usually takes a bottle of cold tea (*not* provided by the farmer) into the fields with him. I doubt if he is the better for it.

Cider very nearly disappeared during the First World War. The land was needed for other crops. Many orchards were grubbed up, and after the wars large quantities of cider apples had to be imported from France, perhaps the oldest cider-making country in the world. France, though infinitely more famous for her wines, is still among the foremost producers of cider, and home consumption there has increased greatly of recent years. This is true also of Ireland and of the United States, where enormous quantities are now made every year. It is equally true of England. More cider is being drunk in England to-day than ever before. And cider sales, I am assured, are increasing steadily year by year.

But this has been achieved only by a revolutionary change of pattern. Cider-making as a home industry is dying. No longer does it form part of the agricultural labourer's wage, and it is certainly no longer the staple drink of the countryside—man, woman and child alike. This is not to say that cider is no longer made in English farmhouses. There are many farms in Herefordshire and Devon (the two main cider counties), and many also in Somerset, Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, still making cider—and very good cider too. There are even a few in Kent and Norfolk. But they get fewer every year. There are still many small family concerns in the West Country making their cider and selling it far afield. But they also get fewer every year. The competition is too fierce, and there has also been a marked change in the tastes of the consuming public in recent years which has affected the small concern severely.

Time was—and I can remember it well—when you could get a glass of draught rough cider at almost any public house in the west of England. There was an inn near the Cathedral in Exeter where, before they would serve you, they always asked if you were accustomed to the rough. It was as powerful as that. Now, you have got to search for a draught rough cider in any inn in the west of England, and you will almost certainly search in vain anywhere else. I am never without a cask of rough cider in the house, and I get mine from a small cider-mill in Gloucestershire. But the demand for it must be getting very small nowadays.

AN EARLY STAGE IN CIDER-WINE-MAKING IN KENT: The fruit is sorted at Church Farm, Smarden, before being washed and conveyed to the pulping machine. Only the sound, edible fruit is used.

A CIDER-SAMPLING DAY IN SOMERSET: The annual sampling is seen in progress in the cider house at Long Ashton Research Station (University of Bristol). At this particular ceremony (in 1953) the programme began with perries, followed by various types of cider. Altogether there were twenty-one samples.

Cider-making for public consumption is now a huge vested interest, dominated pretty well by three firms and, though not as big as the brewing of beer, growing year by year. As a result, almost all the old free cider houses, which used to retail liquor made in their own mills, have disappeared. But the coming of the cider factory, with its excellent products attractively bottled, has meant that cider is now drunk very much more widely. What was once a country drink, and largely a West Country drink, has become an urban drink and a national one.

The old, rather haphazard, methods of manufacture have disappeared with the coming of the modern factory. The thing is a science now, with a research station, and an annual cider-tasting ceremony, and all the trappings of modern big business. And big business it is. One firm alone is crushing some 25,000 tons of cider apples every year. And the apples have changed, too. The old cider apples have virtually disappeared from the orchards. To-day the premier cider apple is the Kingston Black; other very popular varieties are Foxwhelp, Yarlington Mill, Bloody Butcher, Cap of Liberty, Cheatboy and Slack-ma-Girdle. The last two, and particularly the last, are most aptly named. Cider apple orchards now cover something in excess of 60,000 acres of England, and tens of thousands of trees have been planted in recent years. Oh, yes, it is big business all right. The home industry simply cannot compete. Yet, should the home industry die altogether, should the small cider-making concerns be squeezed out completely, it will be a very sad, and very bad, day for the big man and for the consumer. For that day will inevitably mean the imposition of heavy taxation. No Chancellor of the Exchequer could resist the temptation. Fortunately, the home industry need not compete to survive.

THE STONEWORK WHICH HAS DECAYED: The fabric of the north end of the Sheldonian Theatre shows signs of serious deterioration. *Left, below*—The windows of the South Front were among the many alterations made in the eighteenth century to the original Wren building.

RESTORING THE SHELDONIAN

Wren's Famous Theatre in Oxford May Recover its Original Form

During the coming months there will be many discussions in Oxford about the restoration of the Sheldonian Theatre. It has been known for some time that the stonework has deteriorated and will have to be restored. Already dangerously loose pieces of the fabric have been removed, and a vast number of photographs and other records have been made to assist in the restoration.

Controversy will probably arise over the form the restored theatre is to take. In the 1660's Wren erected the original building in the pure Italian style, suggested, it is said, by the theatre of Marcellus in Rome. But in ensuing centuries many alterations and additions have been made. For instance, the first Sheldonian had no camera surmounting it and there was no variation in the stone between the upper and lower halves. So the decision will have to be made between a full restoration of Wren's Sheldonian or simply the repair of the building as it is to-day. A final conclusion is not expected for some time as the curators are asking the advice of an eminent architect who may require six months to prepare his report.

THE CENTRE OF OXFORD'S LEARNING: Inside the theatre, where degrees are ceremonially conferred. *On left*—From the roof of the Sheldonian are, left, the dome of the Radcliffe Camera and the spire of St. Mary's, the University Church; and, on right, the spire of All Saints.

ANOTHER GREAT YEAR OF MOUNTAINEERING SUCCESSES OVER 1,200 MILES OF HIMALAYAN PEAKS : From the north-west corner to the south-east comes news of further success this year. In northern Pakistan, Istor-o-Nal (its approximate location is marked), 24,242 ft., was scaled by Princeton University climbers. In Sikkim, Kangchenjunga (28,146 ft.) was conquered by Dr. Charles Evans' party from Britain.

FROM THE TOP OF KANGCHENJUNGA : This picture was taken from the great mountain climbed by four members of the British Kangchenjunga Expedition this summer. It shows the west peak of the mountain. Beyond, about 100 miles away, rise the three peaks of (from left) Makalu, Lhotse, and Everest. To the left is Chamlang.

THE CONQUEST OF KANGCHENJUNGA

AND NEWS OF OTHER ACTIVITY IN THE HIMALAYA THIS SUMMER

By HUGH MERRICK

With Drawings by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

EVERYONE will wish to congratulate Dr. Charles Evans and his party on their successful climb of Kangchenjunga. Two separate ropes of two reached the top—for reasons explained later I avoid the use of the word summit—on successive days, the first consisting of Brown and Band, the second of Hardie and Streather. This was, moreover, the very first attempt made by a full-scale expedition on the South Face of the mountain. By any standards this is one of the great mountaineering achievements, even if the limited information available leads one to believe that after more than fifty years' endeavour in wrong places, the route up those tremendous southern precipices proved, in the end, less "impossible" than everyone had feared.

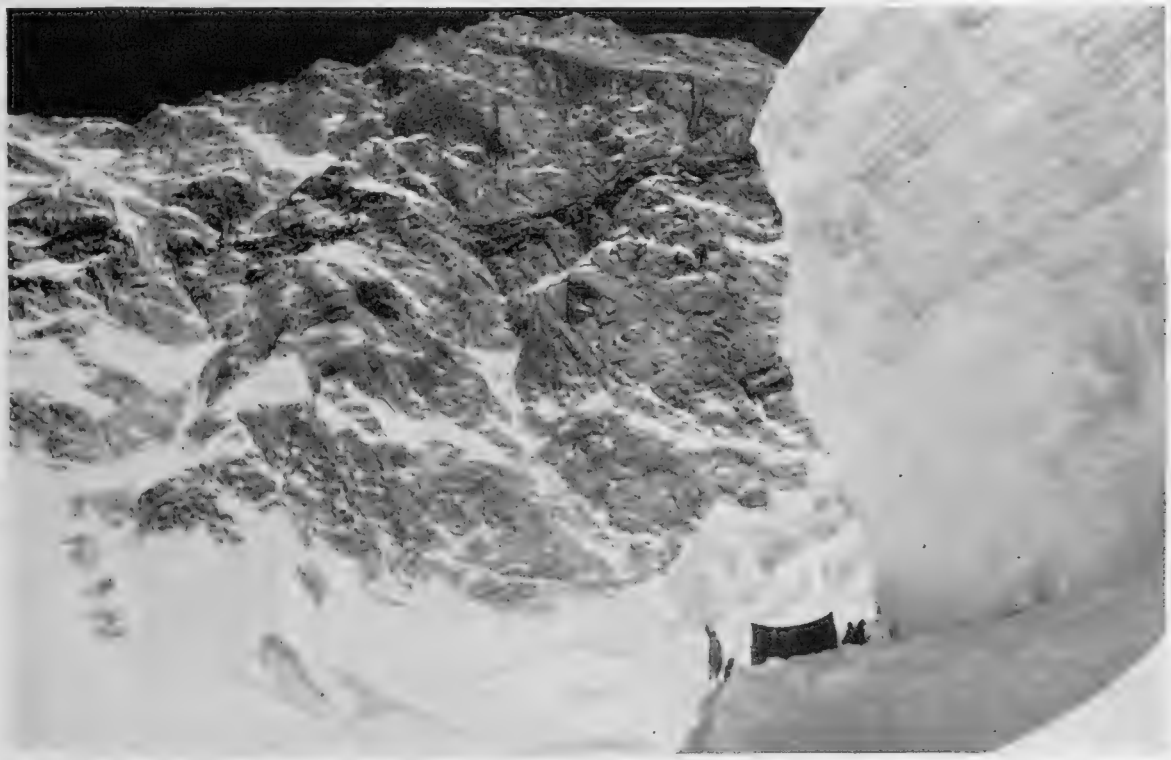
For, ever since Europeans became interested in the mighty mountain, confronting the pleasant wooded spurs and tea-slopes of Darjeeling and its surrounding foothills with so magnificent a spectacle, the huge, steep southern faces which men saw from there have been considered the least likely approach route for climbers. Indeed, any mere dilettante of the mountain scene, strolling about Darjeeling's roads, past its neat hotels, clubs and villas, set among the rhododendrons and the orchids, might be excused for thinking of that great white battlemented wall, rising sheer to the sky forty miles away, in terms of utter inaccessibility.

There has at times been some confusion about the spelling and pronunciation of the mountain's name, until the authoritative "Kangchenjunga"—the nearest possible rendering of its four Tibetan components into English—has, comparatively recently, been adopted almost universally as correct. This version has the joint backing of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club and of no less an authority than the Maharajah of Sikkim, who was specially consulted; it has been expounded and used throughout by Dr. Evans himself. It has long been current in Continental climbing circles and literature. The four syllables are, as nearly as transliteration permits, kang—snow; chen—big; dzö—treasury; and nga—five. The meaning of the composite word is, in fact, the lovely "Five Great Treasuries of the Snow," and appears to have direct reference to the five great glaciers flowing star-shape from the mountain's flanks.

Kang rather naturally appears in a great many words and names associated with the snowy Himalaya; examples are Kang Peak, the Kang La (Pass), Everest's Kangshung Glacier, and one of the Tibetan names for

THE ASCENT OF KANGCHENJUNGA—THE CLIMB TO THE BASE CAMP : This camp was set up at about 18,100 ft. From there supplies were carried by sherpas and members of the expedition to Camp III. The final assault on the top of the mountain was made by two parties of two, both of which were successful. Altogether there were nine members in the British expedition, which was sponsored by the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society.

R. EVANS WITH TWO OF HIS SHERPAS : The leader of the successful Kangchenjunga expedition is seen in London inspecting a model of Everest with (left) Da Tensing, and Chang Jiu at the Royal Geographical Society.



HALF-WAY UP THE UPPER ICEFALL OF KANGCHENJUNGA—CAMP III AT 21,900 FT. : A view of the camp, situated on a narrow ledge below a great overhanging wall of ice. Here a week was spent stocking the camp with supplies before Dr. Evans and Norman Hardie, a New Zealander, went on to 23,500 ft. to set up Camp IV. This was just two weeks before the mountain was climbed. Three more camps were established during that time.

...at demned elusive creature the " Abominable Snow-man "—Metsch Kang-mi—literally, the unwashed (and therefore abominable) snow-man. And since the " g " sound has some prominence in Tibetan pronunciation, the spelling " Kangchen- " rather than " Kanchen- " has also received the final seal of correctness. It therefore seemed a pity that our great radio dictator of the spoken word should choose the occasion of its repeated announcements of Dr. Evans' triumph to perpetuate—in spite of advice to the contrary—the outmoded and discredited " Kin-chin-junga."

Just a hundred years ago, when the mountain was accepted unquestionably as the highest in the world, that great explorer and naturalist, Sir Joseph Hooker, made a series of journeys, covering several years, into Sikkim. This despite the dangers to be expected from the uncertain temper of its inhabitants, who, in fact, handled his travelling-companion, Campbell, pretty roughly and imprisoned him for a time. It was Hooker who first visited and surveyed the southern and western approaches to Kangchenjunga and its glaciers. It was he who, looking westwards over Nepal, first observed a saw-edged range of mighty ice-peaks, at a distance of about a hundred miles, projecting so high over the horizon that he judged them, and one in particular, to be of immense altitude. He was, of course, looking at the towering spires of the Everest Group and the outstanding mountain was much later to be identified as Makalu (27,790 ft.), the most easterly of the great peaks in the range which from so many places in Sikkim masks and dominates the more distant Everest with its magnificent bulk, so that for many years it was frequently mistaken for the world's highest peak itself.

But the first real reconnaissance to be carried out as a serious mountaineering expedition at a high level was Freshfield's complete circuit of Kangchenjunga's glaciers at about 20,000 ft., in 1899. That great explorer and climber in the Himalaya, Caucasus and elsewhere dismissed the southern approach as among the least hopeful: indeed, he doubted whether there would ever be a feasible route to the top from any side.

Until two years ago all attempts by the Yalung Glacier, the only direct approach from the south, had failed to reach a height of 22,000 ft.; several lives had been lost and no one had even obtained a lodgment on the lower part of the 7,000-ft. southern face towering above the glaciers and lesser peaks—Kabru (24,000), Talung Peak (23,000), the Dome and other huge mountains—at Kangchenjunga's feet. For more than twenty years tremendous efforts had been directed along a number of other routes to the huge five-peaked massif forming the mountain, mainly by the Zemu Glacier to the east, after the failure in 1931 of the International Himalaya Expedition (Dyhrenfurth, Smythe, Schneider, Hoerlin) to make any impression—though again with loss of life—from the north-west. The historic and heroic efforts of the Germans on the north-east spur, where in the '20's they twice failed, after weeks of hacking, tunnelling and camping in ice-holes along its narrow crest, achieved a highest-ever of only a little over 25,000 ft.; more than 3,000 ft. still lay above, inaccessible owing to the presence of avalanche slopes in dangerous condition.

It was not till J. W. R. Kempe returned to the Yalung Glacier two years ago, to renew his reconnaissance work in the following year, that moderate hopes began to be entertained of getting a footing on the 7,000-ft. Southern Face of the mountain, and perhaps reaching the great ice-terrace which cuts across it at about 24,000 ft. Even then there would be nearly 4,000 ft. of steep and unpredictable ice-slopes still to be mastered before reaching the final rock; the very slopes which, both from a respectful distance and from closer at hand, had spelled impossibility to so many observers for so many years. And the two linked icefalls leading up to the terrace were still an unpromising " might-be " rather than an assured climbing route.

Evans' concise reports have told us enough to know that it proved possible to skirt both icefalls, to some extent, and reach the terrace without having to overcome the fearsome difficulties, comparable to those of the Khumbu Icefall on Everest, which preliminary surveys had suggested. The mighty slopes above, in any circumstances a titanic obstacle, also seem to have been less technically difficult than expected, and the high ice-funnel now known as " The Gangway " after all offered a long, steep route—certainly surmountable only by skill and resolution—to the West Col, from which

(Continued on following pages)

THE TRIUMPH OF THE FRENCH ON MAKALU: The vast western precipice of the 27,790-ft. mountain conquered this summer by a French party. Extreme left is Makalu II, and to the right the saddle and slopes by which the French climbed the north-west ridge.

DHAULAGIRI, WHOSE PEAK REMAINS INVIOLATE DESPITE THIS YEAR'S ATTEMPT: The second-highest unclimbed mountain in the world. Terray, who got within ... this face as "two Eiger North Walls on top of one another." Treacherous...

IN THE HIMALAYA THIS SUMMER

(*Continued from previous page*)

a comparatively short rock-ridge (by Kangchenjunga standards) led to the top.

All these assessments of difficulty are, of course, relative; however much "easier" one feature or another may have proved, the ascent of some 7,000 ft. of snow-and-ice-plastered wall—no other term can adequately describe Kangchenjunga's southern face—and the final rock-ridge surmounting it at about 28,000 ft. (even if the oxygen worked "admirably"), remains one of the greatest of all climbing achievements, full details of which are eagerly awaited.

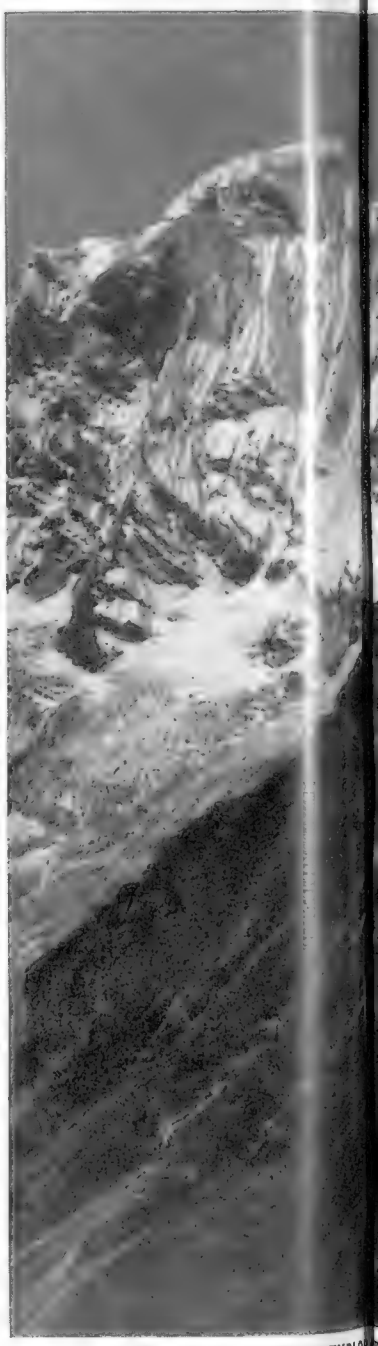
Once again, however, the great peak took its toll of human life, one of the Sherpas dying of a thrombosis high up on its slopes, a tragedy which recalls the death of Arthur Gilkey during the American attempt on K2 in 1953. How Gilkey was stricken at a high-altitude camp, how his team-mates tried to carry him down, knowing he must die anyway, and how an avalanche hurled him from the mountainside during that incredible descent, is graphically described by the survivors in the recently published *K2—the Savage Mountain*, by Houston and Bates.

By prior agreement the climb of Kangchenjunga was halted at a point on the top of the mountain from which the summit—a few yards away and a few feet higher—could definitely have been ascended. This small island of snow was purposely left untrodden in deference to religious sentiment in Sikkim, whose inhabitants, regarding the extreme summit itself as the abode of the mountain gods, had requested that they be left undisturbed.

So, with the climbing of Kangchenjunga, the three highest peaks in the world have fallen in the space of two years, and of the fourteen peaks which form the Continental conception of the "Eight-Thousanders"—peaks over 8,000 metres, which corresponds roughly to 26,000 ft.—seven have now been climbed since Annapurna I, the first of the mighty to yield, was captured by Marcel Herzog's French Expedition in 1950.

Another of them to be climbed in 1955 is the giant Makalu (27,790 ft.), referred to earlier, the colossal wedge twelve miles to the east of Everest. This great success fell to another French party, including Lionel Terray and Jacques Couzy of Annapurna fame, who had unexpectedly forced their way to 25,200 ft. on the peak last year, and returned this year to battle with the remaining 2,600 ft. Except that the climbers appear to have enjoyed a hearty lunch on the summit, no details are yet to hand, But Makalu's steepness of ridge-structure, especially towards the summit, and its colossal stature—many have long regarded it as the finest mountain and the most formidable proposition of all—make it certain that this, too, must be ranked as one of the most tremendous climbing feats yet achieved.

A CAMP OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE MOUNTAINEERING ASSOCIATION'S HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION: Camp I at 14,500 ft. on the Kulti Glacier, in the Kulu-Spiti-Lahoul area, near the Kashmir border. This camp, later moved to a safer site half a mile up the glacier, was the starting-point for the climbing and surveying parties in the Kulti Himal.

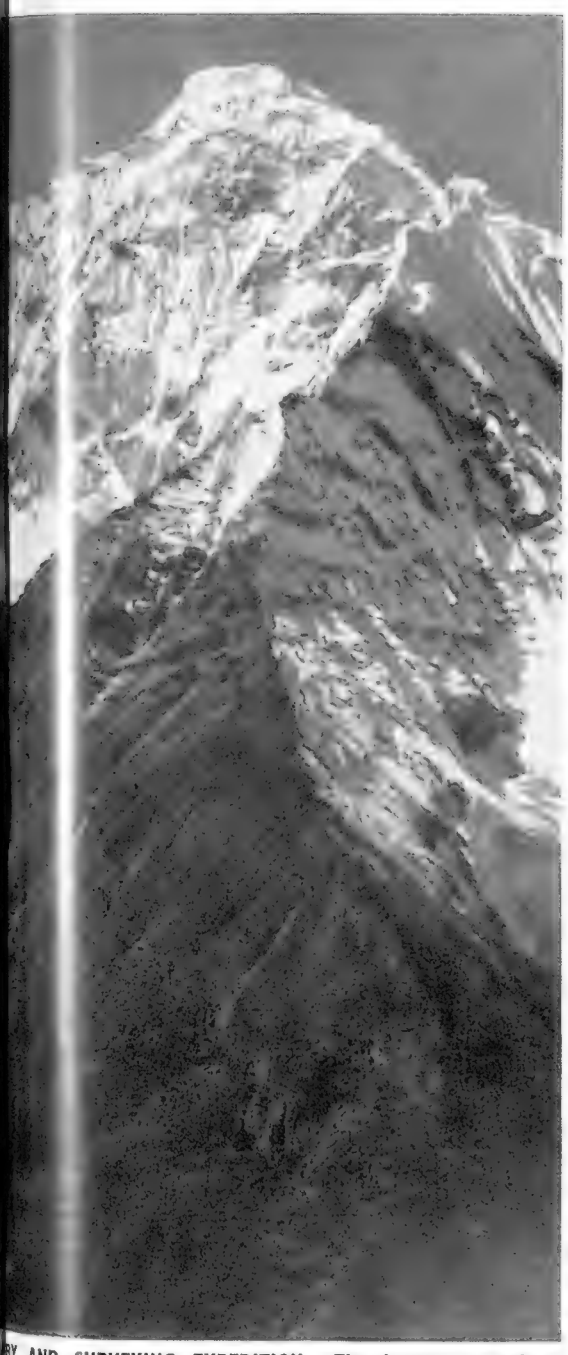


A FOCAL-POINT OF A BRITISH EXPLO... face of Gaurisankar (23,440 ft.)... streams carve their way into ce... of a successful reconnaissance ex...

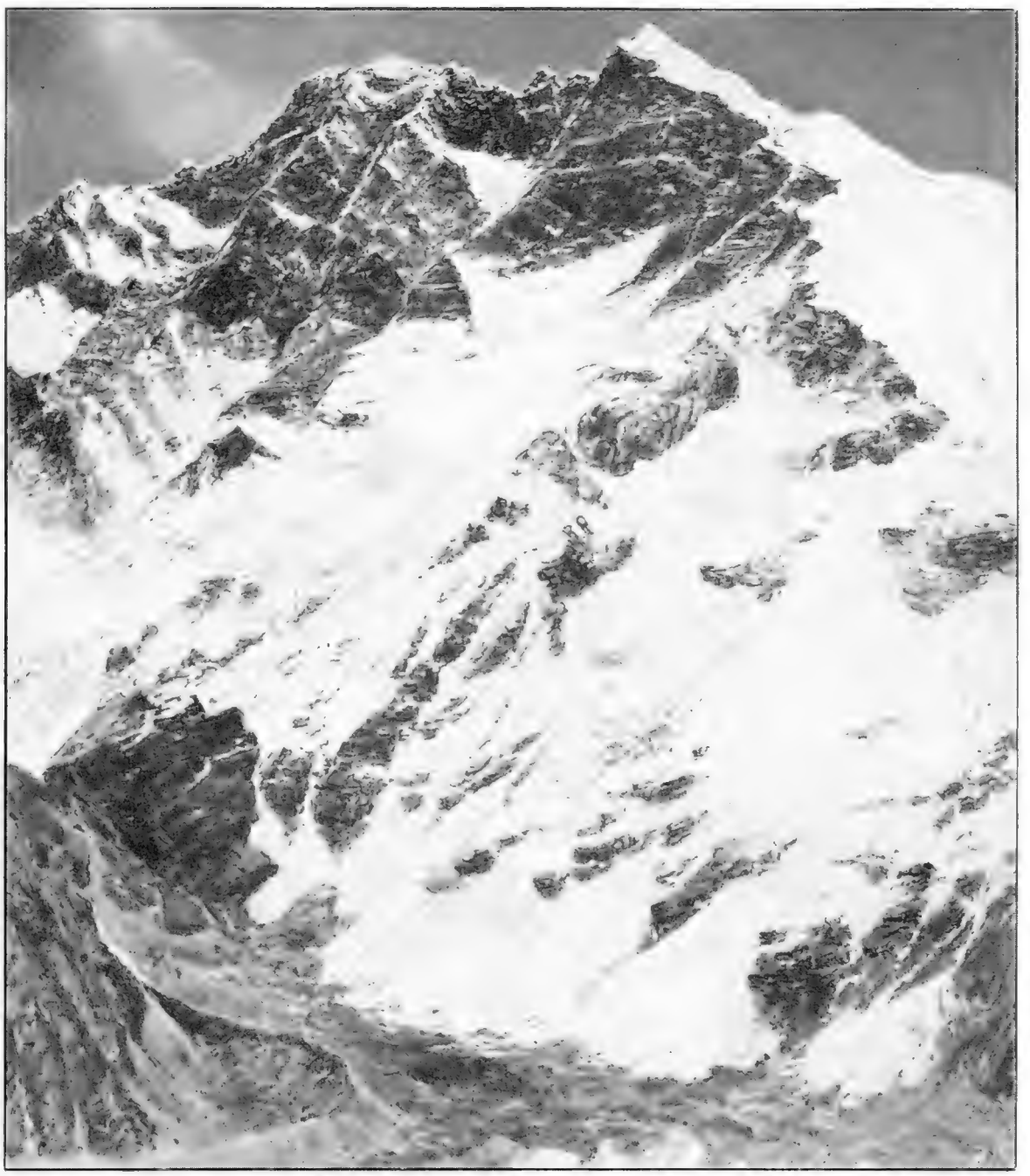
One of the seven still to survive is Dhaulagiri (26,811 ft.), the sixth-highest in the world. Twice in the last two years men have fought their way up its terrific north face—"two Eiger North Walls on top of one another" is Terray's description—to within a few hundred feet of the summit. The Swiss fell short by 1,600 in 1953, the Argentinians by only 700 in 1954. Twice that great Sherpa Sirdar, Pasang Dawa Lama, who climbed Cho Oyu (26,750 ft.) with Herbert Tichy and Sepp Jöchler last year, and in earlier years rendered such sterling services on K2 and Nanga Parbat, has seen his parties beaten back from the terrific rock-traverses just below the summit by the fury of irresistible storms, the second time with tragic loss of life. This year a ten-man Swiss-German Expedition attempted the mountain again; details are not available, but it is known that, aided by its notoriously treacherous weather, this wickedly impregnable peak again beat them off and so

orth face of the mountain (26,811 ft.), now the hundred feet of the summit in 1953, describes ather foiled a Swiss-German expedition this year.

WHERE AN EXPEDITION FROM KENYA CAME TO GRIEF: The triple towers of the Manaslu Range are seen from the south-east. From left are Baudha, Himalchuli (25,800 ft.), and Manaslu (26,658 ft.). An expedition from Kenya made an attempt on Himalchuli this year, but bad weather and the death of the leader, Arthur Firmin, caused them to abandon it.



BY AND SURVEYING EXPEDITION: The immense southern vers above the deep gorges through which its glacier Nepal. The area of this mountain group was the object tion this year, led by Alfred Gregory, of Everest fame.



THE HIGHEST UNCLIMBED MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD, AT PRESENT THE OBJECT OF A DETAILED RECONNAISSANCE: The south face of Lhotse, rising above the Khumbu Glacier. This is one of the possible approaches to the 27,890-ft. giant, just to the south of Everest, which is being explored by a Swiss-American-Austrian expedition under Norman Dyhrenfurth. They are expected to make an attempt on the summit in the autumn.

preserves its proud record as the second-highest mountain unclimbed.

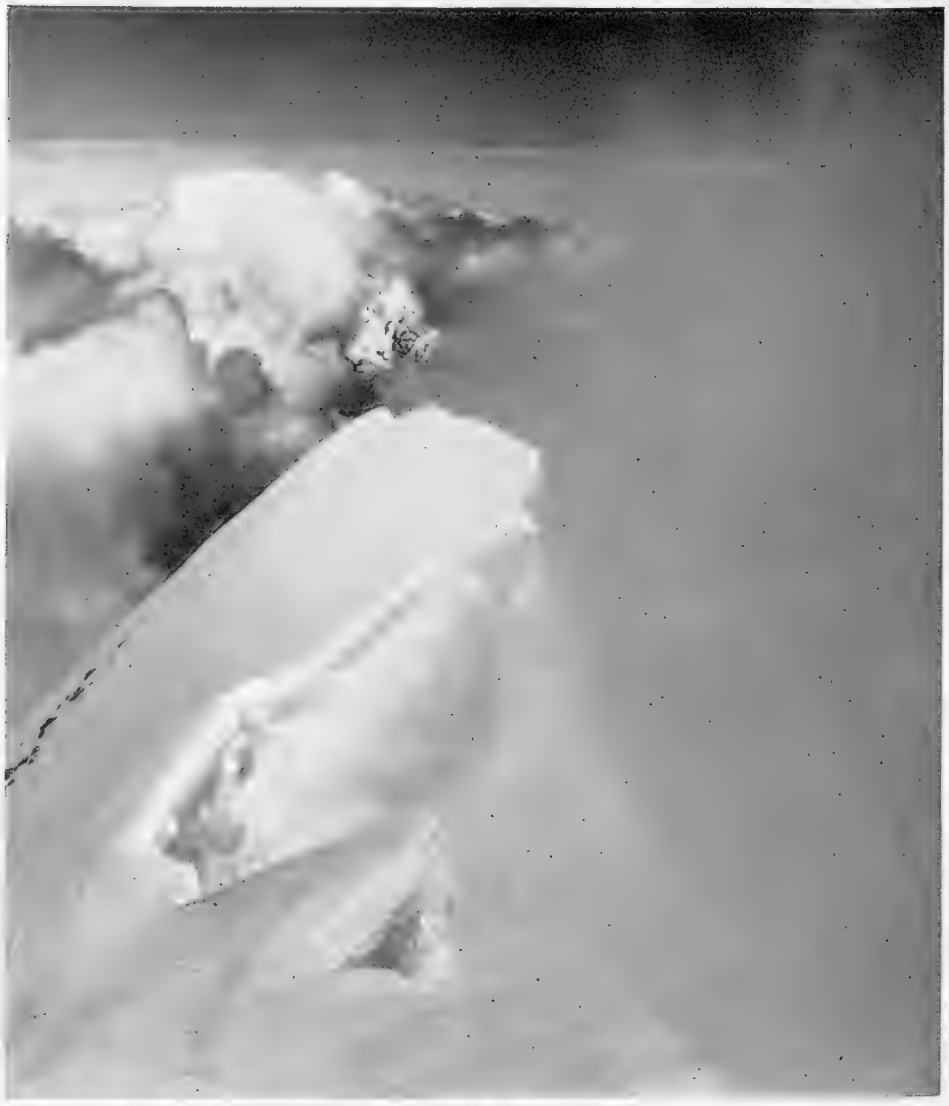
So much for the "Eight-Thousanders." The remaining Himalayan ventures of 1955 have, till now, been below the 26,000 ft. level, some not by very much, others on lesser but still major peaks.

The highest actually to be climbed is Annapurna IV (24,688 ft.), another of the huge mountains forming the vast complex of the Annapurna massif in West Central Nepal, about twenty-five miles to the east of Dhaulagiri. Here another German Expedition, led by Herr Steinmetz, of Munich, has very recently reported success, though details are not yet to hand, except that the leader and two others reached the summit.

An attempt by an expedition from Kenya on another mighty peak in Central Nepal, Himalchuli (25,800 ft.)—a southerly outlier of the group in which the yet unclimbed Manaslu (26,658 ft.) is the dominating summit—is known to have failed, partly owing to extremely bad weather, partly owing to continual porter trouble. Unfortunately, the leader, Arthur Firmin, famous as a photographer, was seriously injured by a fall into a crevasse and, although safely brought down the mountain to a level where two nurses from the valley below were able to meet him and give him devoted attention on the way down, died before reaching hospital.

In the Chitral region beyond the extreme western end of the true Himalayan chain, not far from Tirich Mir (25,263 ft.), climbed by the Norwegians in 1950,

(*Concluded on following pages*)



CLIMBED BY THE R.A.F. EXPEDITION : The crest of Shikar Beh (20,340 ft.) looking north-west from the summit. This peak was climbed by three members of the expedition. It took no less than six hours to move up the dangerous ice ridge of the last 2,000 ft.

WITH THE ROYAL AIR FORCE IN THE KULU-SPITI-LAHOUL REGION OF NORTHERN INDIA : The Kulti hanging valley as seen when looking south from the icefall. This year's expedition ascended two peaks of over 20,000 ft.

IN THE HIMALAYA THIS SUMMER

(*Concluded from previous page*)

an American expedition of the Princeton University Mountaineering Club is reported to have climbed the 24,242-ft. Istor-o-Nal, at the cost of serious injuries from frost-bite. This peak was all but climbed by Hunt and Lawder in 1935.

Of the New Zealand Expedition under S. H. Conway, which set out to attempt Masherbrum, the 25,660-ft. giant in the Karakorum, all that is so far known is that they succeeded in establishing their first high camp at 17,000 ft., but that they were later turned back by appalling weather.

An Austro-German Expedition, under Reinhald Sander, which went out in April to the Chogo Lungma area of the Karakorum, is recently reported to have climbed a 23,000-ft. peak. It had set out, partly to survey and map its unknown glaciers, partly to make an attempt on several of its great peaks, the best-known among them being Haramoshi (24,270 ft.), which respectfully confronts Nanga Parbat across the deep rift of the Indus Gorges.

At rather lower levels there have been several interesting efforts in lesser-known territory, yielding some fine achievements of exploration and mountaineering.

Ladies first, certainly in this context ! For, in the Jugal Himalaya north of Katmandu, in Central Nepal, the first all-woman team ever to visit the Himalaya, consisting of three Scottish lady climbers, under the leadership of Mrs. Monica Jackson, twice reached 22,000 ft. on unnamed peaks in the Nepal-Tibet watershed at previously unclimbed points, a unique achievement. Their modest comment, on their return, was that everyone had " treated them like princesses." Ladies have, of course, been higher when taking part in mixed expeditions—the highest recorded being Mme. Claire Kogan's 24,800 ft. during an unsuccessful attempt on Cho Oyu last year with Lambert, after she had reached the 23,410-ft. summit of Nun Ser in an earlier season ; till then Frau Hettie Dyhrenfurth had held the record with 24,000 ft., reached while climbing with her husband in the Karakorum in 1934.

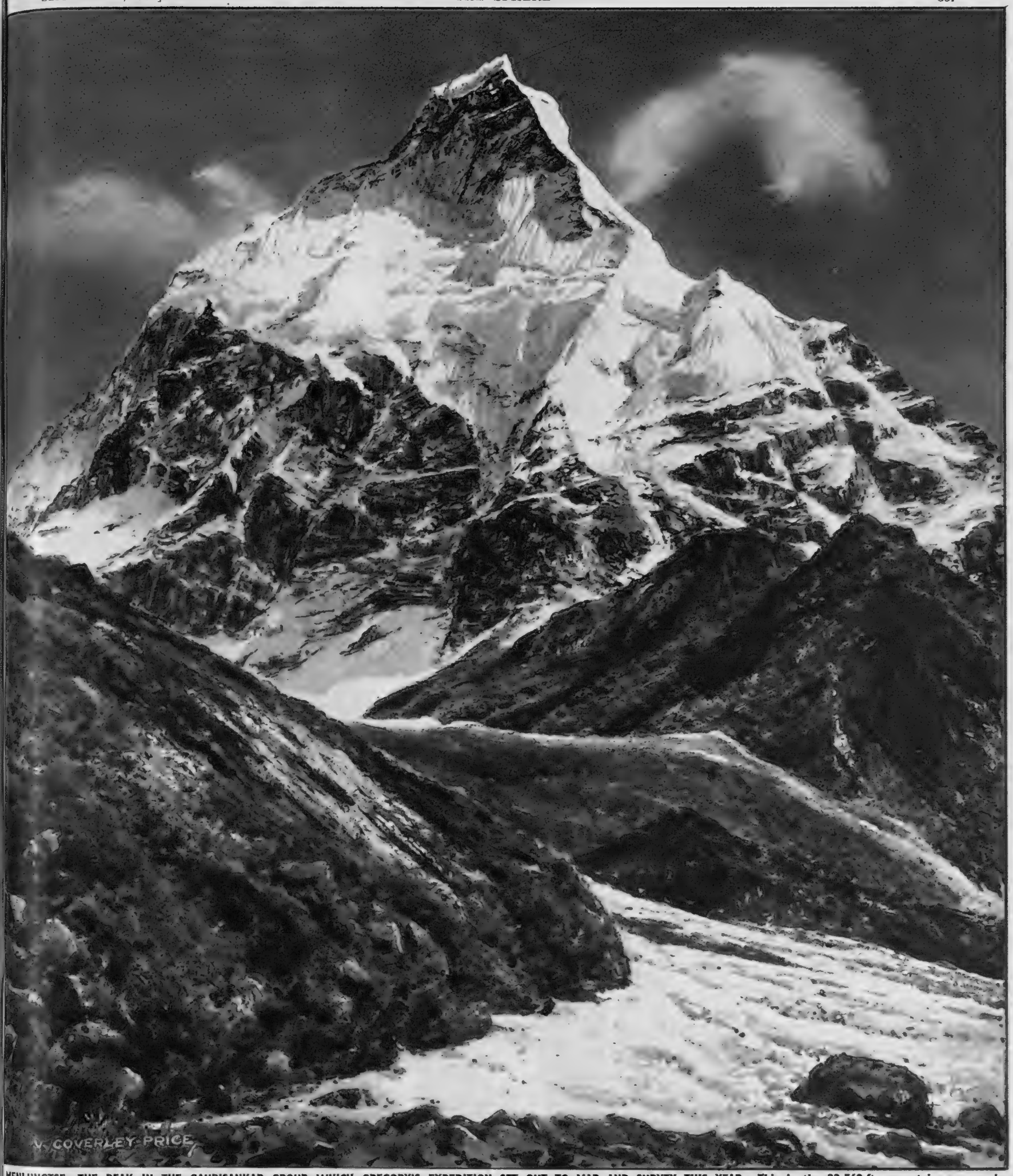
In the Kulu-Spiti-Lahoul area, a twelve-man R.A.F. Expedition from the U.K. surveyed unknown ground in spite of very unfavourable weather conditions ; driven by it from their main objective to the neighbouring Kulti Valley, they ascended two adjoining peaks of about 20,000 ft. which they christened " The Twins." A daily paper reports that they saw an enormous set of foot-prints in the snow, the typical tracks of a " Yeti " or " Abominable Snowman." Typically, too, that is all this irritatingly mannerless and uncooperative beast allowed them to see of him ; neither more nor less than was seen by the newspaper's heavily-equipped expedition which went out to look for him last year.

A VIEW FROM A DISAPPEARING GLACIER : The Kulti Valley under snow, with the Rohtang La in the background, as seen from the Kulti Glacier. When Squadron Leader L. W. Davies, a member of the R.A.F. Expedition, visited the area fourteen years ago, the glacier's long tongue of ice was half a mile in length. To-day it has virtually disappeared. This seems to support the theory that the Himalayan glaciers are rapidly disappearing.

In the Langtang Himalaya the indefatigable Raymond Lambert, who so narrowly failed on Everest with Tenzing in the spring of 1952, led an expedition which, prevented by bad weather from achieving its main objective, the 23,400-ft. Lirung, reached the summit of a 22,000-ft. peak which he named " The White Dome." Lambert survived a number of perilous moments, falling three times into crevasses and watching the total destruction of a recently evacuated camp by a gigantic avalanche. Still unsatisfied, he hopes to return to the attack in the autumn with a party which will include Mme. Kogan.

In a rather different category falls the strong exploratory and surveying expedition led by Gregory, of Everest renown, which left this country at the same time as Evans' Kangchenjunga Expedition, to revisit the area opened up by Shipton's 1951 Reconnaissance beyond the Menlung La, to the west of the Everest Group. Here rise unknown and uncharted peaks and glaciers forming the Gaurisankar Group, containing several peaks of 23,000 ft., the most magnificent being undoubtedly Menlungtse, first seen, photographed and named in 1951. Probably a little higher than Gaurisankar itself (23,440 ft.), Menlungtse, completely hidden by other lofty ranges, escaped notice till Shipton's party saw it. The main object was to survey and map the area accurately. It is known that the party is now on its way back, having completed the survey and, incidentally, climbed eight peaks of about 20,000 ft.

It has been mentioned that Dhaulagiri remains the second-highest unclimbed peak. The highest still to be trodden is Lhotse (28,020 ft.), the fourth-loftiest peak in the world, which used, erroneously, to be dismissed as Everest's south summit, " just across the South Col " and " only " 2,000 ft. above it. It is, in fact, a



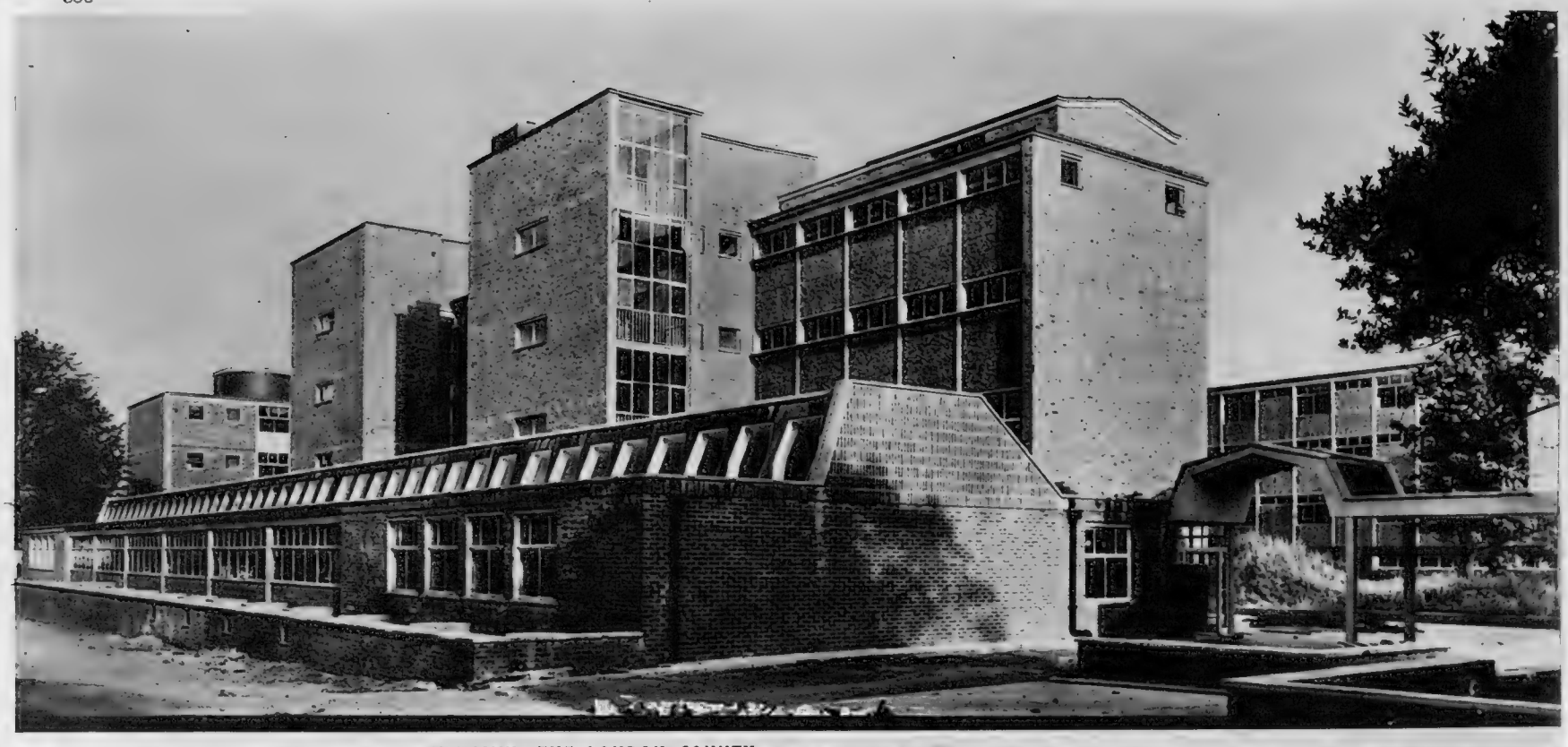
MENLUNGTSE, THE PEAK IN THE GAURISANKAR GROUP WHICH GREGORY'S EXPEDITION SET OUT TO MAP AND SURVEY THIS YEAR: This is the 23,560-ft. mountain as seen by the 1951 reconnaissance under Eric Shipton. When this party, which included Sir Edmund Hillary, approached the Gaurisankar Group by way of the Menlung La for the first time, they discovered Melungtse, photographed it and gave the magnificent peak a name. Now Alfred Gregory's expedition has made a more detailed survey of the mountain and of its approaches, as well as climbing eight peaks of over 20,000 ft. For the first time the Gaurisankar area will be mapped accurately.

magnificent triple-headed mountain in its own right, its three distinct summits being of savagely crenellated rock, and its huge ridges, flung out north and east towards the Kangshung Glaciers, each many miles long and more than 10,000 ft. high. So that the name Lho-tse is better rendered as "the mountain to the south" than by its literal meaning, "South Peak."

It will be interesting to see whether this formidable peak, which no one has ever attempted, survives the autumn of 1955. For, ever since May there has been operating in the area south of Everest a Swiss–American–Austrian "International Himalaya Expedition," possessed of a most unusual blanket-permit from the Nepalese Government to remain there mapping, surveying and climbing right through to December. The great need for a more accurate cartographic survey of this vast area of glacier basins and ridges has evidently been recognised by the authorities, and the expedition will continue with this basic work throughout the period, during which it will complete its training and acclimatisation by attacking a number of 23,000-ft. peaks. In the autumn they intend to attack Lhotse. The expedition is led by Norman Dyhrenfurth, the American climber-son of Professor Dyhrenfurth who, like his team-mate Arthur Spöhel, went to Everest with the Swiss in 1952; it includes a number of other first-rate Swiss, Austrian and American climbers, while in the background is that great Himalayan veteran of Kangchenjunga and Nanga Parbat fame, Erwin Schneider.

It is already established that there is a difficult but feasible route across Lhotse's face from the South Col, along a prominent terrace, but it seems pretty certain that the intention this time is to attack the mountain by a completely different route, on its South Face. And if Lhotse fails, there is another possible objective in the immense 25,560-ft. Gyachung Kang, some fifteen miles west of Everest, but rather nearer to Cho Oyu, whose huge faces and long, vaulting crests appear in so many of the photographs taken from high up on Everest.

1955 has seen the conquest of Kangchenjunga and Makalu of the giants above 27,000 ft.; of Annapurna IV and Istor-o-Nal above 24,000 ft.; and of a number of other peaks up to 22,000 ft. The list of outstanding successes may not yet be complete. Of the "Eight-Thousanders" Lhotse, Dhaulagiri, Manaslu, Gosainthan in the Himalaya, and Broad Peak with Gasherbrum I (Hidden Peak) and II in the Karakorum, remain at the moment unconquered. Lhotse is still under menace this year; events on the highest peaks in the world since 1950, and especially in the last three amazing years, suggest that for the other six giants on the list the writing is already on their stupendous walls, and may well be substantiated within the next two or three seasons.



WOODBERRY DOWN, THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S NEW SECONDARY SCHOOL IN WOODBERRY GROVE, STOKE NEWINGTON: This is the view from the north showing the workshops and craft block of the new school which extends over more than five acres.

FIRST HEADMISTRESS: Thirty-six-year-old Mrs. H. R. Chetwynd was formerly deputy headmistress of West Norwood Secondary School. She began teaching in 1940.

Prominent among the features in the newly-opened Woodberry Down Secondary School which are of particular architectural interest are its modern planning and equipment and the extensive use which has been made of prefabrication in the structure. Two notable examples of prefabrication are the roofs of the Assembly Hall and the gymnasia. The school has been designed by Professor Robert H. Matthew, the former architect to the L.C.C., and erected by Kirk and Kirk Ltd. Its extensive teaching and practical accommodation, which is furnished with the latest equipment, includes a commerce room, workrooms, a pottery kiln; large music room; housecraft rooms and two flats; an engineering drawing office; machine shop and a fitting shop. The 1,250 pupils are being divided into four houses with a master or mistress in charge of each, and a deputy in charge of the younger members, and the school's programme is being arranged to meet their varying abilities.

NORTH LONDON'S NEW SCHOOL IS LARGELY PREFABRICATED

Woodberry Down School will Accommodate About 1,250 Boys and Girls

A CORNER OF THE ENTRANCE FOYER: The mural depicting a Viking ship has been designed by Anthony Gilbert. Work on the school began in November 1950 at an estimated cost of £475,000. In addition, the cost of furniture and equipment will be about £39,720.

ONE OF THE BLOCKS OF CLASSROOMS: Three four-storey blocks, forming three sides of a courtyard, contain the main teaching accommodation, while the eastern road frontage is occupied by a two-storey administration wing and the vast Assembly Hall. There are also a two-storey gymnasia and other subsidiary buildings.

THE ASSEMBLY HALL SEATS THE WHOLE SCHOOL: The roof has a clear span of 75 ft. and is constructed as a folded slab in steel sections with an overall structural depth of only 12 ins. and without horizontal tie members. *Below*—One of the five science laboratories.

A UNIQUE CONSTRUCTION

The Rock-filled Dam at Garry, in Scotland, will be Finished this Year

Among the many spectacular hydro-electric projects carried out in recent years in Scotland, the Loch Quoich scheme deserves special mention. This construction is unique, for in it is being built the only major rock-filled dam in Britain. Work began nearly five years ago in this area of Inverness-shire fourteen miles up a narrow road from Invergarry. By working by day, and by night under floodlights, the 600 employees are keeping well to schedule and will have completed their difficult task later this year.

Loch Quoich is one of two dams in the Garry project. It is built across the eastern end of the Loch. The rock-granite material from which it is being made is quarried three-quarters of a mile away and brought to the site by tipper lorries. Over 350,000 cubic yards of rock have been quarried and transported over very rough roads. Besides this, the volume of earth excavation amounts to 150,000 cubic yards.

One of the major feats of engineering has been the blasting of the tunnel from the dam to the generating station. It is two miles long and the water carried through it will drop 320 ft. before it reaches the power station with a capacity of 22,000 kilowatts and eventually is discharged into Loch Poulary and the River Garry.

All those concerned with the project, from the planners to the workers on the site, can congratulate themselves on keeping to schedule under the most difficult conditions. The result of their labours will be yet another addition to the living amenities and industrial potential of the Highlands of Scotland.

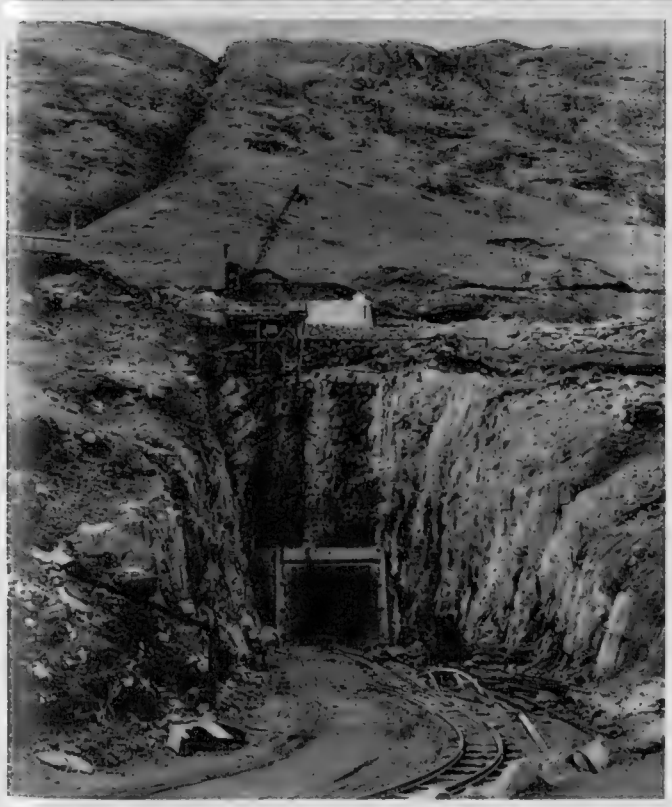
AT LOCH QUOICH: The first large dam to be filled with rock in Britain nears completion at Loch Quoich, fourteen miles from Invergarry. Work has been in progress here for nearly five years.

On left—

OVER 350,000 CUBIC YARDS OF ROCK: This is the total so far that has been placed in the dam, which when finished this year will be the height of the valve tower by its centre.

On right—

STONE IS TIPPED FOR CRUSHING: A lorry discharges its load, brought from a near-by quarry, into the crushing plant by the dam.



THE ENTRANCE TO A TWO-MILE TUNNEL: It will carry the water from the dam down to the Loch Quoich power station, where 22,000 kilowatts will be generated for the Garry power scheme.

THE CONCRETE FACING IS PUT INTO PLACE: On the lower part of the dam the outer surface of concrete has been fitted and progress continues upwards. The 600 men employed on the project are housed in a specially-built camp. Shifts work at night by floodlight to complete the dam.

THE TWO OUTSTANDING PERSONALITIES OF THE 1955 TEST MATCHES: *On left*—May cuts Heine to the boundary during the second Test at Lord's, with Endean looking on. *On right*—McGlew during South Africa's first innings at Nottingham. May, at the age of twenty-five, not only captained England successfully for the first time but also bore the burden of batsmanship, totalling 582 runs during the series for an average of 72·75. McGlew captained South Africa in the enforced absence of Cheetham, when the tourists won both their Test matches and was easily their most successful batsman.

CRICKETING WEATHER

A Review of the Season, with a Suggestion for Improved Stroke Play

By NEVILLE CARDUS

IN the summer's sunshine the game basked and revelled, with all its outlines and features thrown into relief. When the sun shines, mediocrity at cricket assumes a disarmingly agreeable appearance, and quality is enhanced. Only on dull days is cricket dowdy.

During the chill winds and rains of May the South Africans could not reproduce for us the skill and verve which had not so long since astonished Australians in Australia. Numbed muscles, and turf moist and unpredictable in resilience handicapped for a while nearly everybody in Cheetham's command; so much so that one or two cricket writers in responsible positions described the team as naïve technically, unversed in the elements of defensive batsmanship, and unsophisticated tactically. Before the season was ending these same South African cricketers were being accused by critics of repute of placing emphasis more on defence than on attack, an arraignment which, true or untrue, came strangely from this side of the world.

After all, the development of defensive tactics, in batting and bowling, has been mainly directed by English players since the advent of Bradman. Only yesteryear England, having won the toss at Leeds, stayed in all day, scoring 142 for seven wickets at an average speed of less than 26 runs an hour. Only yesterday, so to speak, England stayed in all day at Barbados against the West Indies on a flawless pitch, scoring 128 runs from 114 overs. In 1953, also at Leeds, England, represented by Bailey, bowled defensively down the leg-side at the high tide of a magnificent and quixotic attempt by Australia to win against the clock. The patriotic Englishman should certainly not protest too much if and when he sees leaves taken from his own book, and cricketers from lands kindred to but younger in experience than England begin to instruct their grandmothers in the gentle art of sucking eggs.

South Africa, after losing the first two games in the rubber, ran England to a short-head. At Leeds they won rather miraculously. Batting first, they lost five wickets for thirty or so, a heart-breaking state to find themselves in, with two Test matches weighing down the spirits. To conquer so much adversity as this was a victory for vision and character as well as for skill in cricket. Not enough praise was offered by the English critics as a whole in recognition of one of the most gallant uphill fights in all the history of Test matches. How many times has any representative XI fought a way out of a morass of 38 for five wickets in the face of what seemed on the surface overwhelming odds?

Defensive methods don't bring in the harvests of two totals of 500 runs in one and the same rubber. The quickest individual centuries scored in the Test matches were those of Winslow at Manchester and McLean at Lord's—excepting Compton's at Manchester. But then, Compton at his best has for long been our most brilliant and original batsman, the only professional cricketer born to the game during his period who, by batting alone, would have held his place in the England XI of half a century ago. (It is not generally remembered that in 1902 no professional player except J. T. Tyldesley was chosen to represent England solely as a batsman; the other "pros" were expected to do something else besides make runs in the presence and company of A. C. MacLaren, C. B. Fry, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, F. S. Jackson and G. L. Jessop.)

HOW TO WIN THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP—SURREY IN ACTION: Webb of Sussex is caught low down by Stewart, a brilliant close-to-the-wicket catcher, who materially contributed to Surrey's winning of the Championship for the fourth successive year. The other architects of Surrey's triumph are also seen here: A. V. Bedser, the bowler, still a mainstay of the attack; Surridge, in the gully, an inspiring captain; May, at slip; and McIntyre, the wicketkeeper, who has given a fine all-round display in his benefit year. The batsman at the other end is George Cox, who retires this season.

At Lord's Heine launched a most dangerously hostile attack on England's innings after May had won the toss. "Emphasis more on defence than on attack"? I fail to see in what way the South Africans could as cricketers have tackled England, fresh from conquests in Australia, except by mingling in admirable proportion defence *and* offence. It is true—and how frequently our critics have reminded Cheetham and his men—that England was unable by reason of physical hurts prevalent and fashionable to put into the field the combination of talents which a few months ago had won the rubber in Australia. But the reserves of strength and skill at hand for an England XI in this country are naturally richer than the reserves at the disposal of a touring side. The accident to Cheetham may plausibly be argued as having been the main cause of South Africa's narrow defeat at Lord's. At Leeds South Africa bowled a way to victory on a splendid wicket by the strong arms of Tayfield and Goddard alone! Adcock, the fast bowler, was injured.

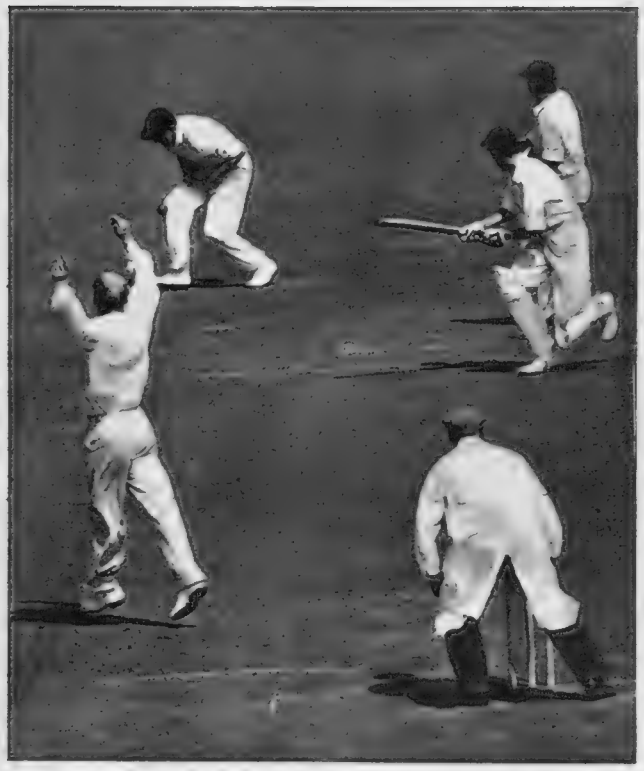
No lover of cricket will readily forget the superb concentration of mind and will-power and enthusiasm with which the South Africans rose above the setbacks of the season's first weeks and changed excellent but not always distinguished individual gifts into a finely-balanced, smooth-running *ensemble*, very hard to beat. Not more than two of Cheetham's men would be unequivocally chosen to play for England were they English—the irrepressible McGlew and Tayfield, possibly Goddard. But with one Peter May, or one Tony Lock in his team, Cheetham by now might easily be returning to South Africa an all-conqueror. By swiftness of ground fielding alone the South Africans have left impressions that remain; hardened England batsmen have confessed that in the Test match at the Oval the South Africans saved runs from hits which even Australians would have permitted to pass as legitimate and severely thumped and thrusted fours.

English cricket scarcely learned any important lesson from this rubber. The problem of an opening pair of batsmen continues to foil the calculations of Selection Committees, official and self-appointed. Also the suspicion of brittleness hovers about every England innings in the middle. In this summer's Test matches Peter May and Denis Compton scored 1,074 runs between them; twenty-three other players mustered only 31 more. Next year, when the Australians invade us once more, aching for revenge after humiliations suffered from Tyson and Statham, somebody broad of bat and steady of eye and nerve will be needed to withstand the onslaught of a still dæmonic Lindwall, of Miller with the new ball, still the most suddenly eruptive and destructive bowler in the world—and of Archer, of whom we have yet to see the best and most devastating on English turf.

Much, of course, will depend on Tyson next year as far as England's chances are under discussion. Physical hurt and strain, by the way, are not always to be vaguely attributed to "bad luck." They may happen in consequence of a faulty action in the act of delivering the ball. (And a faulty action is as much a defect of style and technique as a long-hop.)

The main source of the satisfaction which came England's way at the end of the season sprang from the magnificent work done by Peter May as captain and as the spinal column of England's batsmanship. Heavy responsibility of leadership suddenly thrown on his young shoulders by the unfortunate enforced inactivity of Hutton failed to lower his spirits or check seriously the rhythm and informing power of his batsmanship. Failures by supposedly reliable colleagues at the wicket only stiffened his resolution. In this rubber he scored 582 runs at an average of 72.75. His years are merely twenty-five, yet already he has made 2,000 runs in Test cricket.

WHERE THE SOUTH AFRICANS WERE VASTLY SUPERIOR TO ENGLAND—THEY TAKE THEIR CATCHES . . . *On left*—Goddard makes a tremendous leap to catch Laker off his own bowling in the final Test match at the Oval. *On right*—Waite, the wicketkeeper, watches Mansell at slip take a sharp catch. It was the ability of the tourists to turn half-chances into brilliant catches that nearly enabled them to win the rubber.



. . . AND ENGLAND DON'T: Graveney drops a catch off Waite in the slips, while the unlucky bowler, Lock, calls on the heavens to witness. Nearly all England players, especially those close to the wicket, were guilty of dropping their catches.

EEPING A GOOD MAN DOWN—THE EBULLIENT WICKETKEEPERS OF SOUTH AFRICA AND ENGLAND GO TO GROUND: *On left*—Waite sprawls to the ground as he holds a catch from Titmus. Also on the ground is Mansell, and at second slip Goddard. *On right*—Evans leaps into the air as he grounds his bat and scrambles home after a sharp run. An injury to his finger in the third Test kept Evans out of the game for the rest of the season. As a result, England's fielding lost zest.

Some of us who have attained middle age and passed eyond it are prone to say that nothing in cricket is as good as it used to be," and that giants no longer alk the land of the old stature. No cricketer of past r present has excelled the achievements of May in epresentative cricket; we haven't seen the like of him nce MacLaren and F. S. Jackson, the latter of whom ever played in Australia or in any except a three-day est, so could not turn to account opportunities given o May. Jackson was in his thirty-fifth year when he aptained England in 1905. It is a pity that Cowdrey as prevented consistently from helping May in the alvage work frequently called for by the heavy weather f the average English innings. Next year, we must ay, our full strength will be at the service of a gallant, ifted young captain, whose quiet charm of manner icely adorns a stiff and not-easily-swayed character.

The County Championship flourished on perpetual unshine as far as results of matches were concerned, ut in certain places the cricket failed to attract large rowds. It is to be doubted if people in bulk really go to see cricket for the competitive results, unless ne's team happens to be winning the championship, r are in the running. Seldom does a large crowd turn p on the closing day of a match, even if the state of ffairs is fascinatingly balanced. Cricket, the summer ame, and in sunshine part of the English scene and ational character, thrives on great batsmanship. rankly, there are few players to-day who are capable f attracting a crowd by any sort of individual troke-play.

As I write, only five English batsmen have cored 2,000 runs in the season. In 1933 three ricketers passed the 3,000 mark—Hammond, Ames nd Hendren—and sixteen reached 2,000. In this ry, warm summer of 1955 a batting average of o has been rare; in 1933 eight batsmen exceeded verages of 50, and eleven others topped 40 per innings. The reason of the decline in prolific and continuously masterful batsmanship is threefold—first, there has been a change in the preparation of wickets; second, the new l.b.w. rule has encouraged bowlers to attack the leg-stump or outside it with in-swingers, thus rendering all but players of genius shorn of hits to the offside—in fact, most matches are now for hours played only on one side of the field! The third contributory fact to the eclipse of brilliant batsmanship is one which would involve some investigation into esoteric matters such as the spirit of the age, mental approach, collective effort, trade unionism, and so forth.

Many judges of the game believe that unless there is a return to the old l.b.w. rule the deterioration in stroke-play will continue. The rule was amended to give help to off-spin during a period of unfairly perfected, not to say "doped," pitches. Pitches to-day are being more and more prepared with an eye on fair play to the bowler. Poor Cecil Parkin, one of the greatest of off-spinners, once toiled all day in the 1920's on a flawless cushioned turf at Worcester. Even on a wicket fit for a batsman's heaven he turned ball after ball back from the off; and every time he achieved this piece of art the batsman frustrated a great ball with his pads, as in those days he was legally permitted to play an off-break if it pitched outside the off-stump. Fifteen times did Parkin appeal, and fifteen times did "Sailor" Young, the umpire, turn his back on Parkin and contemplate the architecture of the Cathedral. When Parkin saw his bowling analysis at the end of the hot day—33 overs, 7 maidens, 92 runs, 1 wicket—he cried out from his heart, "And they send missionaries to China!"

Well, since then, missionary work on behalf of the bowler has taken place abundantly. Seeing that groundsmen are not any longer the allies of batsmen, there is no reason why a return should not be made to the old l.b.w. rule. Certainly something must be done to prevent a more and more extensive exploitation of the in-swing attack, with the close leg-side field. The new l.b.w. rule has not only crippled strokes that are the glory of the game; it has discouraged all the truly fine art of bowling—leg-spin, subtlety of variable flight and direction. A step in the right direction would be the use of only one ball an innings, as of old. Tom Richardson didn't need a new ball every 200 runs to take 1,000 wickets in four summers bowling on Sam Apted's billiard tables at the Oval. George Hirst, greatest of all left-hand swing bowlers, took 200 wickets in a single season mainly with an old ball.

By observance of ancient principles teaching the value of spin, accuracy of length and keen attacking fielding, Surrey yet again have conquered. A wet May gave Lock a juicy chance with his spin, and even when the drought came the Oval remained co-operative. The key to Surrey's success may well turn two, not only one, Locks. Yorkshire were expected to race ahead of Surrey in dry weather, but the all-round efficiency of Surrey, under the bracing, inexhaustible captaincy of Stuart Surridge, was usually equal to most challenges from circumstance or the most skilful opposition.

As the summer ends we must sadly wave farewell to four players each of whom has come to the time when he feels he might wax superfluous on the field. Norman Yardley, Tom Dollery, John Langridge, Reg Perks and George Cox—they have been with us long enough to justify the use of their first names—have served cricket faithfully, skilfully and with the enthusiasm which is cricket's breath and spirit.

So the game goes on year by year, giving us our favourites, then taking them away. And always, while we are loving cricket, we are saying it is "going to the dogs." The more it changes the more it remains the same thing, delightful, capricious, a source of friendship and goodwill, in spite of all. To echo a phrase of Doctor Samuel Johnson, a man is never occupied as harmlessly as when he is playing or watching cricket.

FINDING A WAY FOR CYPRUS—THE OPENING OF THE THREE-NATION CONFERENCE IN LONDON : To the left of the picture is the British delegation, led by Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Foreign Minister. Facing the camera are representatives of Greece and in the foreground is the delegation from Turkey. *On left*—Mr. Macmillan with the Turkish and Greek Foreign Ministers : Mr. Zorlu of Turkey is on left and Mr. Stephanopoulos on right. The three nations are meeting to attempt to find a way in which the demands for "Enosis," union with Greece, which are being made in Cyprus, can best be met. The first two days of the meeting were occupied by long statements in which the three Foreign Ministers put forward the view of their respective countries, and the discussions which later took place were governed by these statements. A communiqué setting out the views of the three countries was issued.

The Home News in Pictures

POLITICS AND SPORT

NEWS PICTURES OF VARIED EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

FIREFLY CHAMPIONSHIPS AT TORQUAY : Yachtsmen prepare their boats for the National Championships which were held in Torbay last week. Just over 100 boats were taking part in the Championships, which included races for the Sir Ralph Gore Cup and the Sir Richard Fairey Points Cup, which is awarded for the highest number of points achieved during the Championships. R. Roscoe, of Cowal Holy Loch Sailing Club, won the Gore Cup.

UNDERGRADUATES LEAVE FOR THE FAR EAST : The six members of the Oxford and Cambridge Far Eastern Expedition are seen with one of their two Land-Rover cars in London. They plan to pass through Greece, Turkey and Syria to Baghdad, across the Great Salt Desert, then through the Himalayan foothills, and so on to Singapore, which they hope to reach by January.

THE KING'S HEAD AT EPSOM IS TO MAKE WAY FOR SHOPS : *Above*—The dining-room of one of the oldest inns at Epsom. Because of a leak in the roof the room is no longer used. *On right*—The exterior of the King's Head, in the High Street. Under a rebuilding scheme the public house is to be demolished to make way for a modern block of shops, a covered market and a car park. Although the King's Head is of considerable historic and architectural interest, permission to pull it down has been granted because much of the building is in a very decayed state.

THE ROYAL NAVY HAS A NEW TANKER : The *Tidereach*, of 26,000 tons, which has been accepted by the Navy from her builders, Swan, Hunter and Richardson, of Wallsend-on-Tyne. The new tanker will join her two sister ships, the *Tiderace* and *Tiderange*, and will be used for the replenishment of Royal Navy ships at sea.

***On right*—**

A WASH-DOWN FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The stonework of the London Royal residence has its first wash in twenty-five years. The cleaning work took two weeks.

THE MINISTER SEES FOR HIMSELF : Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, the Air Minister, looks thoughtful as he inspects the proposed range for rockets on the island of South Uist, in the Outer Hebrides. The Minister, who was accompanied by guided missiles experts and representatives of the Scottish Office, inspected the proposed range after protests had been made on the choice of South Uist.

"BLOTTER" FOR RUNWAYS : This device, known as the "Aeroduck," has been built to dry up pools of water on airfields. It can draw up 400 gallons of water in a matter of minutes and is an adaptation of the small cricket pitch drier known as the "Duck." If a jet plane moving at high speed hit a pool of water on the runway during landing or take-off, the result could be a serious accident.

NOEL COWARD IN "ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS" : He is seen seated at the desk in the centre of the picture and plays the part of Roland Hesketh-Baggott. Standing by the desk is Sir John Gielgud as an out of work "gentleman's gentleman." Standing to the right of Sir John is Cantinflas, the Mexican comedian, who takes the part of Passepartout. The film of Jules Verne's novel is being made at Elstree Studios.

OPEN - AIR OCCASIONS

Dancing in Scotland and Essex ; A Pageant in Berkshire ; And a Service in Derbyshire

On right—

A DELIGHTFUL SETTING FOR THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL'S GARDEN PARTY : Members of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society performing on the lawns of Lauriston Castle, near Cramond, at the Edinburgh Festival Garden Party, which was organised by the Festival Society. More than 2,000 guests, among them artists taking part in the Festival, enjoyed the garden party, which was held in brilliant weather. Besides the exhibition of country dancing by the Edinburgh Branch of the Society, there was music from the band of the Gordon Highlanders and piping by the City of Edinburgh Police pipe band. The Lord Provost and Lady Provost, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Banks, received a large number of guests in the cool shade of a marquee.

MORRIS DANCERS OUTSIDE ST. OSYTH PRIORY : The dancers, who come from Colchester, Essex, are seen performing in front of the Priory, which is near Clacton-on-Sea. St. Osyth's was founded in the twelfth century, and the present buildings date from about 1530.

WALLINGFORD CELEBRATES ITS OCTOCENTENARY WITH A PAGEANT : A scene from the pageant, in which villagers are greeting the heir to the Castle at his coming-of-age. The pageant was one of the chief features of Wallingford's celebration this year of the 800th anniversary of the granting of the charter which gave the Berkshire town the status of a borough.

COMMEMORATING THE PLAGUE AT A DERBYSHIRE VILLAGE : The long procession of villagers and visitors through Eyam, Derbyshire, on its way to Cucklet Dell, where a service was held to commemorate those villagers who died during the plague of 1665-66. *On right*— The service in the Dell, where nearly 300 years ago the surviving villagers were forced to hold their own services because there was less risk of infection in the open air. Behind the trees can be seen the village of Eyam, which was cut off from the outside world when it was struck by the plague. Another of the annual ceremonies of commemoration, which were revived some four years ago, is the decoration of the three wells in the village. From a rock pulpit the congregation was this year addressed by the Provost of Derby Cathedral, the Very Rev. R. A. Beddoes.

WORKERS DEMONSTRATE FOR PERON: A woman holds a portrait of the Argentinian President before a newspaper headline in the crowds in Buenos Aires, which demanded the withdrawal of his resignation. It was a demand to which the dictator rapidly acceded.

"FOR ONE OF OURS FIVE OF THEIRS WILL FALL": Persuaded to stay in office, President Peron hurls threats at his political enemies in a speech from the balcony of his palace to the vast concourse of his supporters below.

"VIOLENT ACTION" IN ARGENTINA

President Peron Resigns, is Persuaded to Remain in Office, and Starts a Ruthless Campaign Against his Enemies

THE DICTATOR WHO CHANGED HIS MIND: After withdrawing his resignation, President Peron acknowledges from his balcony the cheers of the populace. Prominent on the right is the President of the Supreme Peronista Council, Alejandro Leloir. The General showed that he intended to pursue his enemies ruthlessly by proclaiming a State of Siege in Buenos Aires.

At first sight there were elements of comedy in President Peron's political manœuvres last week. He informed his Peronista Party that he thought the time had come for "ensuring pacification," and therefore he should resign. Immediately the party leaders, backed by the General Confederation of Labour, called a general strike and packed the streets of Buenos Aires with demonstrators demanding "Peron Must Stay." The General quickly withdrew his offer. However, the mood then changed to one of tragedy. For in a violent speech he demanded violent action against his internal political enemies and a state of siege was applied to the capital. The severest police edicts were issued, listing as offences the unauthorised possession of arms, "spreading of rumours," even orally, and the possession of "subversive or tendentious publications."

"PERON MUST STAY": Thousands are packed into the Plaza de Mayo, in Buenos Aires, demonstrating for the President to remain in office. When Peron announced his resignation, the General Confederation of Labour refused to accept it and called for a general strike throughout the country under the slogan "Peron Must Stay." In his resignation statement he said he had "no hates or rancour." But once he was re-established in his post, a regime of Public Safety began in the capital.

TRADE UNIONISTS MEET AT SOUTHPORT

The Delegates Assemble for the 87th Annual Trades Union Congress

On right—

MEMBERS OF ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL UNIONS ASSEMBLE AT SOUTHPORT, LANCASHIRE, FOR THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS: The three members of the Transport and General Workers' Union are from left Mr. A. McAndrews; Miss Florence Hancock and Mr. Arthur Tiffin, who was appointed General Secretary after the death of Mr. Arthur Deakin. Internal union problems formed one of the most significant items for discussion at the Congress. On the eve of the Congress it was expected that the delegates would give the T.U.C. General Council authority to intervene in industrial disputes before negotiations have broken down.

A HAPPY TRIO: Mr. Hugh Gaitskell (centre), Treasurer of the Labour Party, is seen with Mr. Sam Watson (left), of the Mineworkers' Union, and Mr. Victor Feather, Assistant Secretary of the T.U.C. Leaders of the Labour Party met nearly 300 executive members from more than eighty affiliated trade unions at Southport to discuss an increase in the present affiliation fee.

On right—

THE CHAIRMAN AND SECRETARY: The two leaders of the T.U.C., Mr. Charles Geddes (left) and Sir Vincent Tewson, confer before the opening of the conference, at which Mr. Geddes made the opening speech.

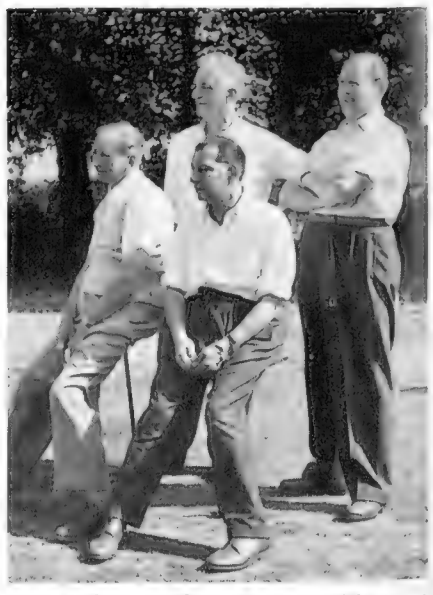
A WEEK-END STROLL BEFORE THE CONGRESS OPENED ON MONDAY: From left are Mr. W. B. Beard (United Pattern Makers' Association); Miss Anne Godwin (Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union); Mr. Ernie Jones (National Union of Mineworkers) and Mr. C. Bartlett (Confederation of Health Services Employees).

COMPETING FOR "THE SPHERE" GOLF CHALLENGE CUP

The Annual Illustrated Newspapers' Golf Meeting at Richmond

COMPETITORS AND GUESTS AT THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS' GOLF MEETING: They are outside the clubhouse at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club at Richmond, after the annual medal competition for "The Sphere" Golf Challenge Cup. This event has taken place every year (except during the war) since 1926, and is attended by many prominent people, both in the publishing and business worlds. Over sixty competitors and guests attended this year, when "The Sphere" trophy was won by Mr. J. H. Sims with a net score of 66. The runner-up was Mr. G. W. Pangbourne and the winners of the bogey foursomes were Mr. John Grant and Mr. P. Rumble.

THE WINNER OF "THE SPHERE" CHALLENGE CUP: Mr. J. H. Sims receives his trophy from Mr. Charles Snelling, Vice-Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Limited, proprietors of "The Sphere." After the presentation of all the prizes by Mr. Snelling, Mr. L. M. Masius, Chairman of Masius and Ferguson Limited, on behalf of the competitors and guests expressed thanks and appreciation to the hosts.



ON THE COURSE: *Left*—Mr. G. W. Pangbourne, who was the runner-up with a net score of 69, approaching the tenth. *Right*—In the back row, from left, are Mr. Charles Snelling and Mr. E. Smalley, and in the foreground are (left) Mr. H. Tingay, who won the prize for nine secret holes, and Mr. L. M. Masius.

WITH THE HOP-PICKERS IN KENT

Once Again Hundreds of Families from London Come to the Hop-fields for their Traditional Working Holiday

A tradition that is still very much alive is that of the hop-pickers. For generations families, mostly from east and south-east London, have shut up home and taken themselves and their furniture to the Kentish fields where the basis of English beer is waiting to be picked.

The families live in camps like that of the Whitbread Company at Beltring, near Paddock Wood. This year, as in previous seasons, there are 720 families, or some 3,200 pickers, in camp, and they will stay there from 3 to 3½ weeks. The campers are divided into "drifts," each consisting of sixty "bins." To each "bin" there are, perhaps, three grown-up pickers, or two adults and two children, who are in charge of a binman. The binman is, curiously enough, generally a woman, and it is she who is invited by the brewers each year to spend her holiday in the fields and bring her "bin" or family with her. Payment is made to her by the bushel picked by the "bin." This works out at about 10d. a bushel, and a good average bin can pick about fifty bushels a day.

The families are accommodated in a hutted camp, where a bed or palliasse is available. All the other furniture, together with crockery and kitchen utensils, is brought by the families. An open-air kitchen range, as well as hot water, is provided. A shopping centre springs up in the camp area, and a number of missions of all denominations minister to the hop-pickers.

EAST-ENDERS BRING THEIR FAMILIES TO KENT: Young and old, male and female, they are seen in their "bins" as the hop-picking season gets into full swing. This group is in one of the fields of Whitbread and Co. at Beltring, near Paddock Wood, Kent.

ON ARRIVAL—TEA AND BEDDING: Hop-pickers from London Bridge prepare a cup of tea at the open-air kitchen while others get ready their palliasses on arrival at the camp at Five Oaks Green.

INTO THE KILNS FOR DRYING: After the hops have been gathered into sacks in the fields at Beltring they are taken to the picturesque kilns for drying.

IN THE ABUNDANT FIELDS OF PADDOCK WOOD: The "bins" at work. Each "bin" consists, usually, of three adults and a child, and picks, on an average, fifty bushels of hops a day. Working six days a week for three weeks, a family can earn over £36 during its holiday in the Kentish hop-fields. Every "bin" is in charge of a "binman," who is a woman invited by the brewers to bring her family with her to the fields.

THE OLDEST AND THE YOUNGEST CAMPERS WORK SIDE BY SIDE: Mrs. Stretch, from Poplar, is eighty-three and has been hop-picking for forty-five years. Kathleen O'Keefe, from Rotherhithe, is six.

The Sphere of Travel

THE TRAVELLER IN UMBRIA

Suggestions for a Holiday in Perugia and Umbria, an Italian Region famous for its Art and Natural Beauty

By GORDON COOPER

UMBRIA is, to my mind, one of the most lovable parts of Italy; the people have the gentleness and beauty of their scenery; and it is as rich in remains of the past as in its vegetation. Yet, despite its strong appeal, this inland region, where art and nature blend in harmony, is largely unknown to the modern tourist. Even when travelling along one or other of the main roads which link Rome and Florence, the tourist's sight-seeing time is often rationed to thirty minutes in Orvieto, an hour's conducted tour in Assisi, and possibly a lunch or tea halt in Perugia. Other than these, the ancient hill towns here are scarcely more than names or pictures seen in passing.

This state of affairs has, of course, its merits, for it has left a largely unspoilt and uncommercialised countryside, so that the true traveller comes into his own. He is able, in a leisurely and happy way, to explore such medieval towns as Gubbio and Todi, Montefalco and Spoleto.

Perugia, the "Empress of the Hill Towns," is, undoubtedly the best base from which to make excursions to other places in Umbria. It is also as delightful a medieval city as any in Italy. Nothing jars. There are good hotels—the *Brufani* and the *Rosetta* can be recommended. Its short main street, the Corso Vanucci, offers along its length the pick of the sights: the Palazzo Pubblico, one of the finest town halls in Italy and housing, in a most attractive manner, the National Gallery of Umbria; the adjacent Collegio del Cambio, a gem of panelling and fresco, where you find some of the noblest works of Perugino; and in the near-by piazza, between the Palazzo Pubblico and the Cathedral, the thirteenth-century Fontana Maggiore, considered by many to be the loveliest of all fountains in Europe. Opening off the main thoroughfare, there are little streets full of Gothic houses and other interesting monuments. There are no intrusions of modernity.

Equally appealing in Perugia are its views. The most famous of them is from the Porta Sole (Gate of the Sun). It appealed greatly to Dante, who described it in his "Paradise." Another outstanding panorama is to be seen from the tiled piazetta near the flower market, whence the enraptured eye can sweep along the Apennines; Assisi, Spello, Spoleto, Trevi—all are within range of vision, while the lovely Umbrian plain spreads at the spectator's feet.

Assisi, the city of Saint Francis, is only ten miles from Perugia. A whole day at least can rewardingly be spent there, preferably on your own, for while an hour's conducted tour may suffice for those in a hurry, it is hardly suited to anyone wishing to absorb the spirit of the place. The ideal time to visit Assisi (and indeed Umbria as a whole) is the late autumn (October), for then the milling crowds of tourists have departed, and there is a freshness in the air; spring-time is also pleasant. In summer, however, the traveller must be warned that the heat can be terrific.

Despite its outstanding artistic and religious appeal, I have the feeling there is a certain incongruity in the Assisi of to-day. Others may think differently, of course.

The gentle spirit of the Saint, who, I think, would be happier wandering in the Umbrian villages, contrasts most markedly with the present magnificence of his birthplace where, from his vow of poverty, vast churches and gorgeous ceremonial have come into existence. There is, for instance, no place for St. Francis in the chilly vastness of St. Maria degli Angeli, under whose great dome the Portiuncula where he prayed has been imprisoned and cut off by the work of men's hands from all the joys of nature.

It is only, perhaps, in the Basilica of S. Francesco that the Saint's presence can be felt. The simplicity and naturalness of Giotto's frescoes picturing the Life of St. Francis in the Upper Church, the impressive gloom of the Lower Church, also covered with superb frescoes, the splendid tomb of the Saint in its cavernous sanctuary—although one feels he should rest in some flower-carpeted wood where the birds sing—and the cloistered little cemetery, where tall cypresses tower over the dead, all these, I claim, are more eloquent of St. Francis' happiness than all the pomp of ecclesiastical ceremonial.

Next in importance among the art towns of Umbria is Orvieto, famous for its wine and its Cathedral. I have wonderful memories of both. I think, indeed, that of all my cherished travel memories none excels, and few equal, the surprise that burst upon me when I first found myself face to face with the façade of the Cathedral. Ablaze with gold, and a myriad of colours of bright mosaic, and marbles of every hue, it rises lightly into the air, with its complicated tracery and carvings, its self-pleasing cupolas and its wealth of statues, to create a fantastic vision. This is especially so when seen by moonlight or when it is flood-lit.

The interior is also satisfying, for here in the Chapel of San Brizio are the frescoes by Signorelli. They are masterpieces, and have an additional interest in being the inspiration of Michelangelo's ceiling in the Sistine Chapel. There are people who think the Signorellis more beautiful, though they cannot really be pitted against the Michelangelos.

Thirty miles north-east of Perugia is medieval Gabbio. No one, surely, could fail to be struck by the beauty of this dream-like Gothic town, built in the angle of mountain and plain, with its great monuments piled up the mountainside and standing out in bold relief. It was only the other day I climbed from the curious old arcaded merchants' Exchange, in its leafy square, to the Palace of the Consuls, one of the most elegant city halls in Italy. It is very lofty—nearly 300 ft. from base to battlement—and stands out magnificently on the slope of the mountain. The famous Eugubine Tables, which give us our knowledge of the Umbrian language, are kept in it. Gubbio, by the way, was never an Etruscan city.

Dawdling in the old streets and lanes of this town is an enchanting pursuit. The houses are all old, very old, and their stones have the colour which only centuries can give. The most rewarding sight comes every fine evening at sunset, when the rich, ruby rays of light bathe the old town in a superb glow of colour; for of all places in Umbria Gubbio has the richest sunsets. The whole city pouring down the mountain slope is transfigured by them.

MEDIEVAL GUBBIO, ON MONTE CALVO: This town, 30 miles north-east of Perugia, is "built in the angle of mountain and plain, with its great monuments piled up the mountainside and standing out in bold relief." Monte Calvo rises to a height of 3,224 ft.

Another unspoiled medieval town is Todi, standing on the top of a mountain in the heart of the Umbrian Plain, and some thirty miles south of Perugia. Its thirteenth-century Romanesque-Gothic City Hall is one of the finest in Italy, worthy of mention beside those of Perugia and Siena. Its Cathedral is hardly inferior. But, to me, the lodestone is the church of S. Maria della Consolazione, which lies close to the road that zig-zags its way up to the town's centre. This church is a beautiful example of Bramante's style of architecture, and is remarkable for its symmetrical proportions. Edward Hutton, in *The Cities of Umbria*, claims it to be "one of the most lovely, if not the loveliest of the Renaissance churches in Italy—that is to say, in the world."

The main road and the railway linking Perugia and Assisi with Spoleto passes through Spello (Pinturicchio frescoes in the Cathedral) and Foligno, whence a ten-mile detour can be made to Montefalco, often called "the balcony of Umbria," although "cupola" would be a more suitable word; for it is only by climbing the Town Hall tower that one is rewarded by a magnificent panorama—elsewhere

IN THE "EMPRESS OF THE HILL TOWNS": Looking down the winding Via Appia in Perugia, which runs northwards from the fifteenth-century Cathedral. Perugia is undoubtedly the best base for exploring Umbria.

houses insistently shut off the splendid outlook. But there is another great attraction here, for in the church-museum of S. Francesco there are some delightful frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli, the pupil of Fra Angelico. Painted in the fifteenth century, they tell the story of the life of St. Francis, following very much the same lines as Giotto's work in the Upper Church at Assisi. There are more frescoes by Gozzoli in the monastic church of S. Fortunato, outside the town on the road to Spoleto.

Spoleto, the last of the Umbrian art towns I shall mention, has a most charming site, set on the spur of a mountain. Its great citadel, La Rocca, once a papal fortress and the home of Lucrezia Borgia, dominates the scene. Among the town's outstanding monuments are the Cathedral, with some fine paintings and frescoes, and the Church of S. Pietro, built on the ruins of a Roman temple and incorporating some of its relics; the façade is of singular beauty. Then, crossing the deep valley which separates the hill-city from the opposite mountain, is the Ponte delle Torre, the finest ancient aqueduct in Italy—viaduct and aqueduct combined. Originally built thirteen centuries ago, but renovated since then, it strides across the valley in ten great arches, linking Spoleto with Monteluco, another goal worth reaching, for it lies at an altitude of 3,000 ft., and its crest, crowned by the sprawling Monastery of St. Francis, offers a view unusual even in this province of views.

Lastly, a suggestion for anyone seeking a complete rest: Isola Maggiore, one of the islands on Lake Trasiméno and where St. Francis spent his forty days in the wilderness. Simple but satisfying hotel accommodation is available. There is good fishing, too, in this largest of Italian lakes. Near by is the site of the battlefield where Hannibal won his great victory. To-day the scene is peaceful, but one's imagination is stirred by a stone bearing this inscription: "Remember, passer-by, that these are the hills and lake of Trasiméno where more than twenty-five thousand Romans perished by the ferocity of the Carthaginians and Hannibal in the defence of the integrity of Roman civilisation." One of the hill villages above the lake bears the commemorative and sanguinary name of Sanguineto.

The London address of the Italian State Tourist Office is, 201, Regent Street, W.1.

THE FINEST ANCIENT AQUEDUCT IN ITALY: The Ponte delle Torre, linking Spoleto with Monteluco, is built of freestone and rests on ten arches. Spanning a deep ravine, it is 226 ft. high and 251 yards long.

KILLARNEY'S BEAUTY

This Famous Irish Lake District Merits the Praise Bestowed on it by Poets

Written and Photographed by J. ALLAN CASH

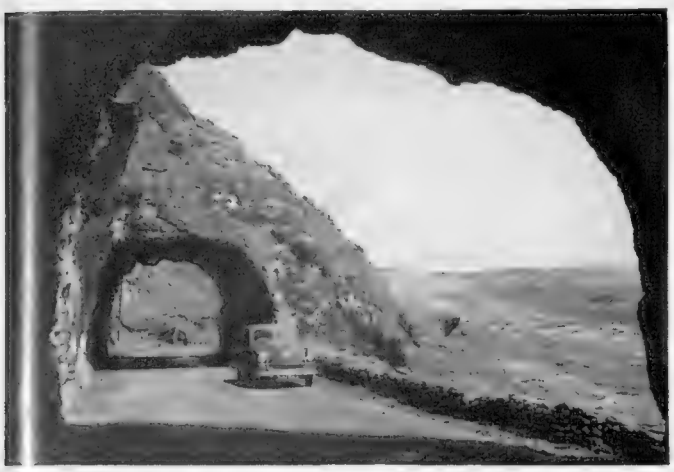
Killarney rightly deserves its reputation as being one of the most beautiful places in Ireland. It seems almost incredible that so much beauty could be concentrated in one place and in the neighbourhood. Killarney itself lies on the shores of the island-dotted Lough Leane, with high mountains across the water. Near the town stands Ross Castle, and on a good day it is well worth climbing to the top of the ancient tower, for no better viewpoint of the whole Killarney area could be found anywhere. The golf course, only a mile or two from the town, must be one of the most scenic in the world. It is laid out along the shores of the lough, with tall pine trees along the lake shore and the noble peaks of MacGillicuddy's Reeks rising on the far side.

Killarney is blessed by having the Muckross estate near by, along a good part of the lake shore, with the ruins of an old abbey in its grounds. Once private property, its 10,000 acres are now owned by the State and carefully preserved. Many people do a tour of the estate in jaunting-cars, a form of transport in Ireland now almost solely confined to Killarney.

This is an excellent centre from which to explore all the surrounding countryside, either by short trips on foot or longer journeys by road. A favourite short trip is through the Gap of Dunloe, which lies behind the first large peak across the lough from Killarney. It is a narrow and rocky pass, with several small loughs on the way and some imposing cliffs. Ponies are available at the foot of the pass, and many people ride them through the Gap as a novelty. It is possible to take a car through, but it is not advisable, especially when there are ponies about, for the road is extremely narrow.

The road along the lough shore southwards is delightful, running through the woods of the Muckross estate and then out along the shores of the lough, to climb eventually up to Windy Gap and so over to Kenmare. On the way up, there is the famous "Lady's View" of the Killarney lakes and mountains.

THE "LADY'S VIEW": Looking on the lakes and crags from a famous point of vantage on the Killarney-Kenmare road. This district of Kerry is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful in Eire.



THE TUNNEL PASS: A car comes out of one of the many bridges or tunnels through which the road from Kenmare climbs before it drops to Glengariff, on Bantry Bay, in the next county, Cork.

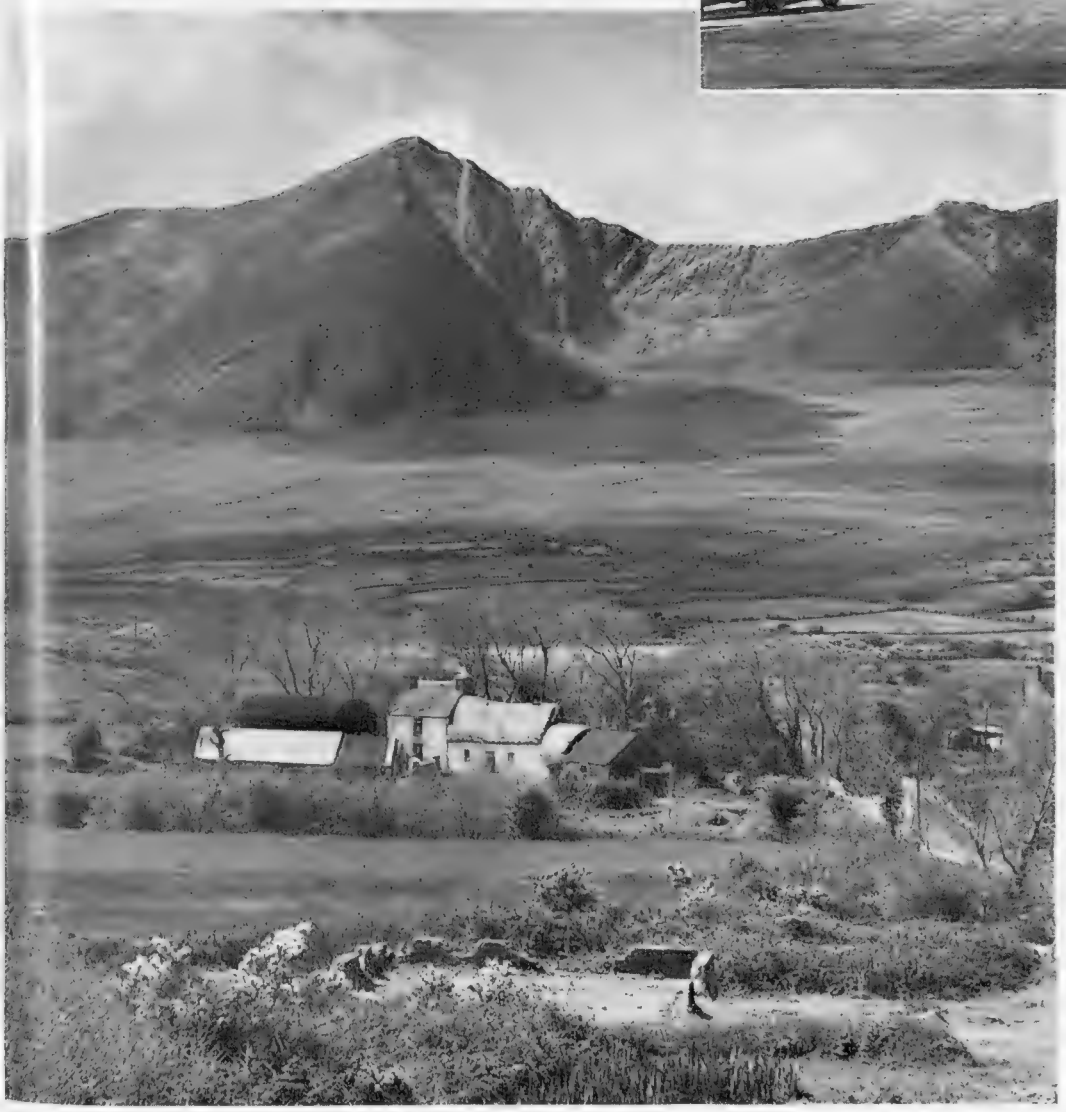
A CORNER OF KILLARNEY: The delightful town is an excellent centre from which to explore, by foot or by car, the countryside around.

Near by is a magnificent view of the Upper Lough far below, with Purple Mountains and other peaks across the water.

From Kenmare you can go on over the Tunnel Pass and down to Glengariff, on Bantry Bay, and don't fail to see Garnish Island here, for it is unique. Another private property that has been handed over to the State, this island contains the most exquisite Italian garden, laid out so that it takes full advantage of the rocks and trees and the superb views of this lovely bay. If your mind runs to a real mountain road, you can return by the Tim Healy Pass. It is an excellent road, with innumerable hairpin bends and some wonderful scenery.

There are numerous longer trips one can do from Killarney, but undoubtedly one of the best is round the Dingle Peninsula. This is a good 100 miles altogether and takes in a wide variety of scenery. It begins at Tralee, goes out along Tralee Bay, then over the hills to Dingle, on the south side. On the right sort of day, with sunshine and cloud shadows all across Dingle Bay and on the distant mountains, it is superb.

There are other trips inland, through the mountains into County Cork, and in this part of Ireland you can afford to explore many of the lesser roads, for they are surprisingly good. Killarney, in spite of its popularity, and of all that poets and others have sung in its praise, comes fully up to expectations. Its popularity does not seem to have spoilt it in any way.



THE DINGLE PENINSULA: Boats lie against the quay in the harbour of Dingle. *On left*—Brandon Peak rises grimly behind a farm. A trip to Dingle is one which should be made from Killarney.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

NINETEENTH-CENTURY TRAGEDIAN

J. C. Trewin's Biography of William Macready; Artie Shaw Calls His Autobiography "An Outline of Identity"; and Another Book About Cricket by Margaret Hughes

WILLIAM MACREADY, son of an actor and an actress, and himself a great actor, to be ranked with Burbage, Garrick, Kean and Irving, never wished to follow the theatrical profession. Throughout his life he was at odds with it, even when he was at its head. Popular with a vast public, he was disliked by his fellow-players, who found him, with some reason, autocratic, haughty and bad-tempered. In his happy family and in his social life he was another man, and recognised the fact himself, but he was, inevitably, a man of the theatre, and for the drama and the stage in England he did a great deal. "Morosely, he became the high master of his art. Glumly, he saved the theatre."

In his biography of the nineteenth-century tragedian, Mr. J. C. Trewin, who is one of our most distinguished dramatic critics, not only writes in the most revealing detail of the career, on and off the boards, of MR. MACREADY (Harrap. 18s.), but analyses the man's nature, the division of his interests and the asperities of his character which contrasted with the real sweetness that his family and his friends found in him. "Dear Macready," his friend Dickens would say, and he counted among his affectionate acquaintances, Wordsworth, Harriet Martineau, Bulwer-Lytton, John Forster and Mark Lemon. He was a man, always, of contradictions, a pedagogue, a player of passion, an autocrat and a beloved father. On his retirement from Drury Lane at the age of sixty (he was to live for another twenty-odd years) he left the English stage more classically pure in the sense of plays and texts than it had been for a hundred years, and he left to the sound of an immense ovation. But in his journal that night he wrote: "Thank God!"

This witty, wise and superbly well-informed study of the great actor is yet another service that Mr. Trewin himself has done for the theatre in our country.

Mr. Artie Shaw is an American jazz musician who is well known through his records, his clarinet and saxophone playing, his success with his own band, his films and, it must be admitted, the number of times he has been married to equally well-known ladies. Of that last aspect of his career, he writes that "when a fellow has been married as often as I have, there 's one distinct conclusion that you must arrive at about him—he is seeking some sort of solution to his basic loneliness." It is not, however, what he calls his various ventures that make his autobiography the unusual book it is, but the fact that this is an attempt at a serious analysis of one man's search for a meaning in life, and the fact that it comes so unexpectedly from a man whom one connects principally with the frivolities of the entertainment world.

Macready was torn between his obvious aptitude—even genius—for the stage, and his own desire for privacy and learning. Shaw, a Jewish boy from New York's Lower East Side, has rebelled against "the band business" and gone back to it, zig-zagging back and forth, as he puts it, for over twelve years, because he needed the money, even if it came from "a business I have no use for at all." THE TROUBLE WITH CINDERELLA (Jarrolds. 18s.) is over-written, sometimes naïve, sometimes merely wordy, but it is honest and it is intensely felt. In its more factual moments, such as Artie Shaw's discovery of how to make a musical score—"It was several years before I also 'discovered' that some guys named . . . Palestrina, Bach, Haydn, Mozart . . . had already figured out this trick some three or four centuries ago"—it is a really rewarding book. Mr. Shaw has called it An Outline of Identity, taking his sub-title from Blake's *Jerusalem*, and the quotation itself is just one of the pleasant surprises that the reader will meet.

Miss Margaret Hughes is a lady who enjoys watching cricket. In that, she is one of many, but she must also be set in a smaller category of ladies who understand and appreciate its finer points, and among an infinitesimal number of ladies who have written books about cricket though, as she says herself, "Ever since I wrote my first cricket book I have been treated as a freak, rather like the fat lady in the circus." THE LONG HOP (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.), nevertheless, is another of her books about cricket, and very commendable it is; full of enthusiasm and knowledge, excitement and informed criticism.

The circumstances which prompted the book were certainly thrilling in themselves, in the terms of a cricket fancier, for Miss Hughes was invited by a Sydney newspaper to cover the Test matches in Australia this past winter. Her book, which is written for the ordinary cricket lover, like you and me (or me, anyway), is full of good things and of sound sense.

The next three books are all concerned with the war, though from different angles and different nationalities. First, there is SPIES AND SABOTEURS (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), by an American officer in Military Intelligence. Dr. William J. Morgan fought with the French Resistance, and worked with the English in selecting suitable types for hazardous missions behind the enemy lines, which usually meant their being parachuted or conveyed by equally dangerous means to their destinations. Their training consisted of an ingenious series of tests in order to gauge their nerve, their resourcefulness, their discretion, their qualities of leadership, their qualities as members of a team, and so on. Dr. Morgan, as a professional psychologist, was mostly concerned with the training side of these operations, which he describes in fascinating detail. Eventually he was able to "wangle" himself on to a mission in which he was parachuted in disguise into the centre of France, organised and trained a band of 550 guerrillas and led them into action against the Germans. This is the sort of book which ran headlong

A DRAMATIST WITH HIS CAST: Thornton Wilder is seen with members of the cast of *A Life in the Sun*, which he wrote especially for performance on the apron stage of the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh during the Festival. In the right foreground is Madeleine Christie (Aglaia), and in the background, from left, are Rupert Davies (Hercules), Laurence Hardy (First Watchman), and Robert Speaight (King Agis).

into trouble with the Official Secrets Act after the First World War. To-day they come by the dozen and this is one of the best of them.

GREEK ENTANGLEMENT (Hart-Davis. 18s.) is the story of an heroic adventure of strategic importance; in other words, one that was intended to have an effect on the general prosecution of the war. It was planned with method and imagination as an operation by which the enemy's campaign in North Africa might be vitally hindered. Its intention, in the simplest terms, was that a party should be dropped, in the late summer of 1942, behind the enemy lines in central Greece in order to interrupt their communications by blowing up a viaduct on the only railway line to Athens. So far so good, but this was only the beginning of a scheme which further called for contact between the Allied Forces' representatives and the various Greek partisans.

This was not only less successful but, as Brigadier E. C. W. Myers clearly shows, demonstrated the existence of those warring Greek factors which were to lead, by the end of 1944, to the outbreak of civil war. Brigadier Myers was to find that the ingenious use of arms was not enough, and that diplomacy of the most delicate kind was called for. He wrote this story of his experiences in enemy-occupied Greece not long after the end of the war. It has been published now, in all its essentials as he first wrote it, partly as a small and hitherto unrecorded contribution to history, partly as a tribute to the men under his command and the gallant Greek irregulars, but mainly to the others, "perhaps the greatest heroes of the Greek war of resistance, the unarmed people in the mountains; the people who endured the full terror of enemy reprisals; who produced no traitors; among whom we always moved freely and by whom we were provided with food, shelter, guides and information about the enemy."

HIROSHIMA DIARY (Gollancz. 16s.) is the journal of a Japanese doctor, Michihiko Hachiya, who was director of the Hiroshima Communications Hospital, and who recorded day-to-day thoughts, but mostly events from August 5, 1945, to the end of September in that year. He wrote on any scraps of paper that could be found in the chaos and horror after the dropping of the atom-bomb, and his record is as exact and unemotional as scientific detachment and the habit of careful observation can make it. Perhaps for that reason, and because of the writer's evident courage and simplicity, the document is a terrible and horrifying one. The translation has been made by Dr. Warner Wells, of North Carolina.

The result, if not the object, of a novel about a writer or a poet or a painter must be to make the reader want to know the work of the man about whom the book has been written, or, if he knows it already, to study it again and relate it to the story and to the author's findings and opinions. It is the same kind of impulse that makes anyone who has read an anthology a potential anthologist himself. THE GOLD OF THEIR BODIES (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is a novel about Gauguin; not the first and not the best up to date, but at least a thoughtful and sympathetic one. Mr. Charles Gorham writes from the artist's point of view, which is to say that he sees Gauguin's social and economic problems clearly; not that he writes as one painter about another, or brings any subtlety of artistic appreciation to his descriptions of Gauguin's paintings. From the evidence of the novel, it is probable that the author admires them, and it is even more likely that he has an admiration for the tough, dedicated, violent and always essentially French character that was Gauguin himself.

One of the most extraordinary things about the tale of Gauguin's life, as far as it can be known by anyone on the outside, is that its wilder fantasies are true and happened more or less as they are recounted here and elsewhere, and that it is only in the tamer domestic aspects that speculation can really be free. In the main the novel is extremely readable, and a good starting-point for a refresher course in the work of that inspired colourist and magical painter.

MY LORD ESSEX (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is a new novel on an evergreen subject: that brilliant soldier and courtier whom Queen Elizabeth is said to have loved, and whose death warrant, in the end, she signed. Mrs. Olive Eckerson, English-born Californian, who writes of him and his age with gusto and pace, had intended a novel devoted to Elizabeth Tudor, whose history she had been studying, when she found that the personality of Essex was taking the story over. The result is lively and fresh and, if it brings nothing new to the historical picture it does at least reanimate it.

Three detective stories this week, and all to be recommended. THE MAN WHO DIDN'T FLY (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.) is by Margot Bennett and it is first-rate; puzzling, ingenious and original.

THE DREAM WALKER (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.), by Charlotte Armstrong, is highly ingenious too, a taut and tidy piece of mystification, with a New York–Washington–Hollywood background and a pleasantly natural turn for dialogue.

DEATH LIKES IT HOT (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is good stuff in its brisk and sophisticated way, and would be even better if Mr. Edgar Box could be persuaded that detection and sex histories are not necessarily inseparable. The setting is Long Island and a smart, summer colony.

SHORT NOTICES OF OTHER BOOKS

THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET, by Mary Clarke (A. and C. Black. 21s.), is, as its sub-title explains, a History and an Appreciation. The author, an expert on her subject, relates the triumphal progress of the Ballet since its foundation in 1931 to the achievement of its present international reputation. The great dancers and other personalities are brought frequently into the story, which all balletomanes will want to read. Sadler's Wells is young in years. Another theatre book this week is concerned with the centuries-old drama of the East. In THE KABUKI THEATRE OF JAPAN (Allen and Unwin. 30s.), A. C. Scott has made a profoundly interesting study of the music, the plays and the acting technique, based on his first-hand knowledge, of the Kabuki Theatre in Tokyo. Both these books are illustrated, the latter by the author.

Colonel G. W. Meates, F.S.A., is a splendid guide to LULLINGSTONE ROMAN VILLA (Heinemann. 21s.). He conducts the reader through these important Roman remains in Kent, upon which excavations began two centuries ago. One may disagree with some of his asides—Vergil was definitely not the "Shakespeare to the Romans"; the only fair comparison would be Milton—but this does not detract from a book which will be generally popular as well as essential to the archæologist.

The Romans left little imprint upon Lancashire, but soon after them the county began to take shape as a result of the Norse invaders. LANCASHIRE (16s.), the latest addition to Hodder and Stoughton's series on the Making of the English Landscape, starts from Anglo-Saxon England. The author, Roy Millward, of University College, Leicester, has produced a most readable illustrated essay on the history of this section of the English landscape.

Among recent military books, A HISTORY OF FIREARMS, by W. Y. Carman (Routledge and Kegan Paul 16s.), will certainly commend itself to those interested in military history. The final chapter shows that rockets are by no means new weapons. LION WITH BLUE WINGS is the story of the Glider Pilot Regiment, 1942-1945, by Ronald Seth (Gollancz. 16s.). It is a thrilling story of courage, endeavour and self-sacrifice which is sure of, and deserves, a large public.

Mr. William Gaunt proved in his classic works on the pre-Raphaelites that he is that rare phenomenon, a meticulous scholar with a most attractive style of writing. He has now employed his exceptional talents, with Mr. James Riddell as the excellent photographer, to publish under the imprint of Messrs. Batsford LONDON IN COLOUR (15s.). In every way this is the best book produced on London for a long time.

Those who enjoy collections of cartoons will find it difficult to beat "HONEY, I'M HOME" (Constable. 12s. 6d.), which contains 175 cartoons from the American *Saturday Evening Post* and is edited by Marione R. Nickles.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

The car that so many people are very proud to own!

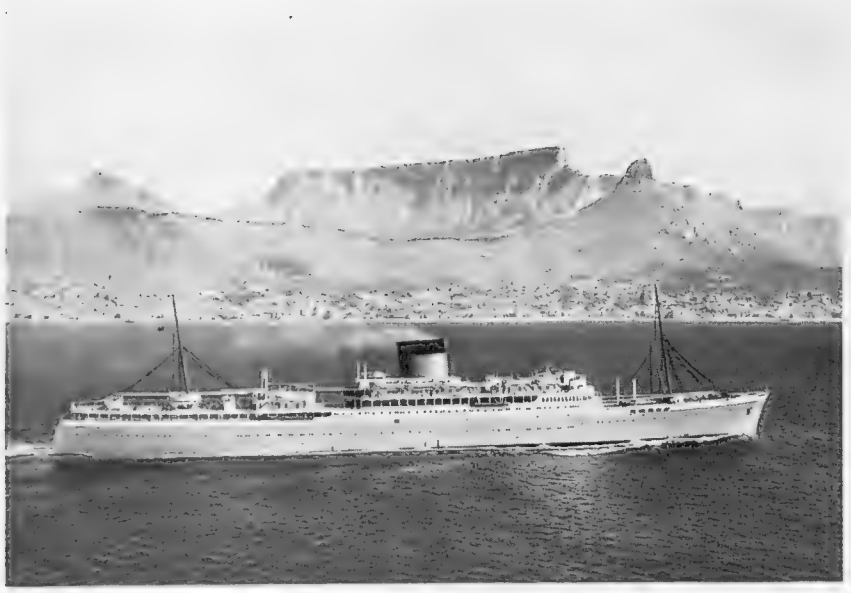
This is the Austin A40-A50 Cambridge. The car that brings new zest to family motoring — and offers you this choice: 1200 cc. or 1500 cc. engine; standard or de luxe interior. Each one a Cambridge, with new ideas, new features all round. Never before has a car in this class had such a graceful look, a feel of luxury. The Cambridge is a car to be proud of.

ROADS CAMPAIGN COUNCIL — ROADS FOR BRITAIN

AUSTIN — you can depend on it!

THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION LTD — BMC

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · LONGBRIDGE · BIRMINGHAM



Even though a Mailship sails from Southampton to South African sunshine every Thursday afternoon at 4.0

and . . . a Round Africa liner leaves twice monthly from London . . . the ships fill so rapidly that it is never too soon to make reservations.

APPLY TRAVEL AGENTS OR 3 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON E.C.3

UNION-CASTLE

Ah!

SANDEMAN

SHERRY

SANDEMAN "AMONTILLADO"
medium dry, 20/- per bottle.
SANDEMAN "APITIV"
extra dry, pale fino, 20/- per bottle.
SANDEMAN "BROWN BANG"
a full golden Oloroso Sherry, 22/- per bottle.

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LIMITED, 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

SEÑOR SOLO SAYS . . .

SOLO means more real Spanish Orange juice

ask for . . .

3/6 Per Bottle

SOLO

and you'll get—the Best!

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Still dependent on Voluntary Gifts and Legacies.

Fifty years ago this month Thomas John Barnardo died. He rescued from destitution 60,000 boys and girls. Since his death, a further 87,000 have come into the Homes that bear his name. To-day more than 7,000 children are supported. To feed, clothe, house, educate and train our family for worthwhile careers calls for a deep purse, but with your help this can be done.
We plead for the children. Please send a Gift now or remember our family when making your Will.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Happiness!

With affection, care and security, living in homely surroundings—our children's future is assured.

This Voluntary Society has nearly 5,000 children now in its care, depending on YOUR HELP.

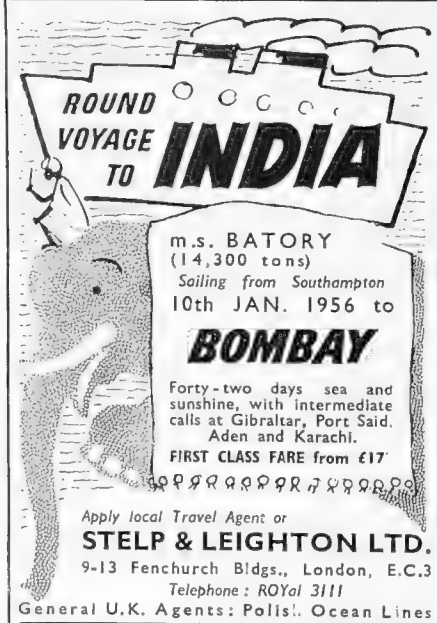
Donations and Legacies gratefully received by the Secretary.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

(formerly **WAIFS AND STRAYS**)

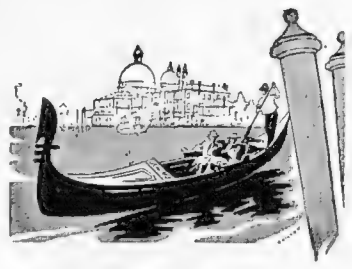
Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11



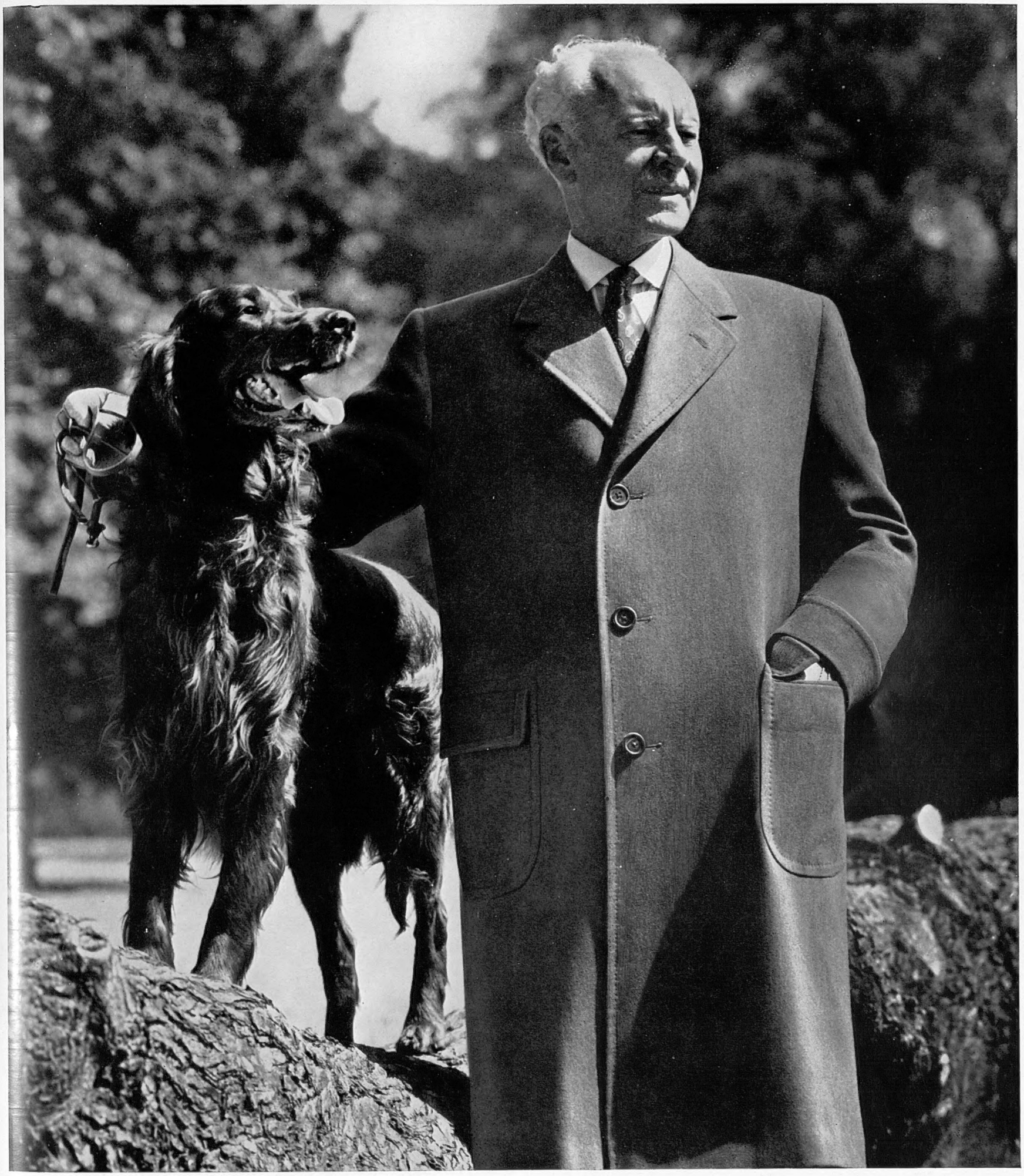
m.s. BATORY
(14,300 tons)
Sailing from Southampton
10th JAN. 1956 to
BOMBAY

Forty-two days sea and sunshine, with intermediate calls at Gibraltar, Port Said, Aden and Karachi.
FIRST CLASS FARE from £17

Apply local Travel Agent or
STELP & LEIGHTON LTD.
9-13 Fenchurch Bldgs., London, E.C.3
Telephone: ROYal 3111
General U.K. Agents: Polish Ocean Lines



THE
LEISURELY TOURS
with longer stays at places
Roman France and Riviera — Dalmatia
Mountain Hotels and Alpine Flowers
Austria and Dolomites — Venice and Vienna
Sicily in Autumn — Moorish Spain and Tangier
Italy, High Spots and Little Places
Mont Blanc and Matterhorn — Scandinavia
Classical Greece (with extensions to Istanbul and Greek Islands).
(From 76 gns)
Ask for Brochure 'SPH'
LAMMIN TOURS LTD
67, Blenheim Terrace, London, N.W.8
Telephone: MAI 4321 & 7898 (Or Agents)
Overseas Cables: Lammintour, London



Well bred by BURBERRYS

We introduce to you with pride, this fine overcoat. It is in all-wool West of England material: light in weight but warm. In a variety of colours and shades: Grey, fawn, brown, lovat mixtures —in plain colours or overchecks. Showerproofed —and Burberrys know about showerproofing.

PRICE 19 GUINEAS

BURBERRYS IN THE HAYMARKET LONDON SW1 TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 3343

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195–198, *Strand, London, W.C.2.*

HAVING just returned from the Malvern area, I have it much in mind as my thoughts turn to autumn holidays. How wonderfully situated these Malverns are. Taking Great Malvern as the centre of a circle, the following encompass it—Cheltenham 23 miles, Evesham 22, Gloucester 25, Hereford 21, Ross-on-Wye 21, Tewkesbury 14, and Worcester 8.

If you want to be in the centre, close to shops, you will decide on Great Malvern itself where, among its best hotels, my choice for you is Mount Pleasant, superbly positioned close by the cloistered Priory church, and where Mrs. Tilla How, its resident managing director, has not only succeeded in providing a luxurious environment of restfulness, but in her catering, her staff and her gardens her target is always the superlative. So often it is a personality that makes an hotel, and it is Mrs. How whom you will gratefully thank should you be fortunate enough to get accommodation there.

In the realisation that Mount Pleasant may be full, or beyond the purse of some (terms are from 12 to 14 gns. weekly), I cast about on my last visit to find a smaller hotel, where one could stay comfortably in the 8½-gn.-a-week range. It is difficult in a resort where there are a number of medium-priced hotels, to single one out, but I am satisfied from personal contact, and from local inquiry, that The Montrose will suit admirably those who have to carefully study their pockets.

Situated in Graham Road, but a few minutes from the main shopping centre, The Montrose stands in an elevated position above the road, and not only is immune from traffic noises, but from the windows one enjoys those wonderful panoramic vistas of which so much of Great Malvern can rightly boast.

You might well ask why I have singled out The Montrose. I like the house, built in the Regency period. I was impressed by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Street have been its resident proprietors for some twenty-five years, a healthy portent in the ever-changing world of hotel life. Apart from personal supervision in the front of the house, Mrs. Street is entirely responsible for the cooking. Yet what impressed me as much as anything was the modest approach Mr. and Mrs. Street have towards their hotel. I quote from their brochure—" The Montrose claims neither to excel in size, nor in extensiveness. Its appeal is rather that of comfort and friendliness—a cosy caravanserai where no undue emphasis is placed upon formality." For the rest I can vouch for the modern equipment of the bedrooms, interior-sprung mattresses, of course, with central heating and open fires in the lounges, which they do not hesitate to light when there is an autumnal nip in the air.

I used to think there were only four Malverns—Great Malvern, West Malvern, Malvern Link and Malvern Wells, but now I have discovered a fifth, though what it consists of beyond the old Priory church and Little Malvern Court in its rear, I have not attempted to fathom, for I was too wrapped up with the fascination of the latter to inquire.

Would you like to live for a few days or weeks in the past, with modern comforts and in a district teeming with historic and scenic interest ? Then be sure to include this lovely ancestral Priory house in your itinerary—three miles from Great Malvern, 500 ft. up on the slopes of the hills.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Phillip Green, M.B.E., and his wife for opening this house, which once belonged to the Russell family, for not more than a dozen residential guests likely to be appreciative of its peaceful, homely and historic environment.

The latter I can but barely touch upon, yet here lies the core of its fascination. The foundation dates back to *circa* 1171, and though it met the fate of all monastic buildings at the Dissolution the structure of the house remains intact. How interesting to view in the entrance hall a travelling trunk of Catherine of Aragon (she evidently forgot to leave a forwarding address !), and upstairs a disused Roman Catholic chapel, a priest's hiding hole, and from the windows look out on to one of the monk's fishponds.

The bedrooms are as one would expect in a home of character—individual, yet each with modern necessities, including central heating and electric fires. Breakfast in bed ? A happy thought, for Little Malvern Court is essentially a place in which to relax and reflect.

Mrs. Green superintends all the cooking. No menu is presented, but the best country-house fare is provided, and though at the time of my visit the house was unlicensed, Mr. Phillip Green can procure, given reasonable notice, the wine of your choice at retail price. (I would like to know the source of supply of that half-bottle of Chambertin 1947 at 7s. 6d.)

Should you decide to make the Malverns your headquarters, the following make an enjoyable objective for lunch—The Royal at Ross-on-Wye, a Trust House where you will get the best view of the famous horseshoe bend on the Wye ; The Royal at Symonds Yat—the approach will remind you of an Alpine valley, and as this hotel is literally " at the end of the road " they may not be able to do chance luncheons, so note the telephone number for booking ahead—Whitchurch (Herefordshire) 38. Between Ross and Hereford you will see on your map St. Owens Cross—underline it, for near by are situated the entrance gates to Pengethley Hotel, which is admirably run by the Nicholas family.

At Tewkesbury, when you visit the Abbey, The Bell opposite will be found not only convenient but congenial for lunch. At Evesham The Crown awaits your pleasure, and should you do the attractive triangular route Malvern, Ledbury, Hereford, Leominster (see Priory Church and Ducking Stool), Bromyard, Malvern, note The Talbot at Leominster, where you will be sure of a good meal in attractive old-world surroundings.

ABERDOUR, FIFE. WOODSIDE HOTEL
On the sunny Fifeshire coast, within three-quarters of an hour's reach of Edinburgh, this most comfortably furnished hotel is famous for its cuisine and cellar, and as a holiday headquarters has every amenity close at hand : Golf, Fishing, Tennis, Boating and Bathing. Tel. : Aberdour 8.

BATH. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL
Distinctively individual, with an appeal to all, irrespective of age. Standing in own beautiful grounds. Every comfort. Rooms with private bath. Delightful cocktail bar and grill room. Lift. Garage. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. : 5891.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA. THE BERESFORD
A fine hotel on the bracing Kentish coast of THANET with its own sea promenade, squash and tennis courts, ballroom, cocktail bar and everything laid on for the fastidious in room service, cuisine and cellar. R.A.C. and A.A.**** For reservations Tel. THANET 41345.

BOURNEMOUTH, BOURNE HALL HOTEL
in its sheltered position is admirably suitable for winter residence. Central heating, Bridge, Billiards, Lift. Winter terms from 6½ gns. per week. Write Resident Director, Mrs. R. J. Bray. Tel. : Westbourne 63333.

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL
A.A. 5 Star. Well spoken of always, for Service is the keynote. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying both sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts. Central Heating. Excellent garage facilities. Tel. : 6560.

SANDBANKS, NR. BOURNEMOUTH. HARBOUR HEIGHTS HOTEL
Surely the perfect site for an Autumn Holiday—with unparalleled views of the Channel, the Purbecks and the whole of Poole Harbour. Within—good food and wine always. Fully licensed. Nearby—sandy seashore ; Parkstone for golf ; sailing ; tennis. Tel. : Canford Cliffs 77272.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
First class and every room centrally heated. Enclosed air-conditioned sun-deck ; Games Room ; Billiards ; Ballroom. 50 acres grounds. Own Golf Course. Fully licensed. Furnished suites and flatlets available. Manager, C. Greame Horspool. Tel. : 67441.

BRITAIN'S FARTHEST SOUTH
Not had your holiday yet ? Wondering where to go ? We at
ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL
in the delectable CHANNEL ISLE OF JERSEY, have a ready-made answer, for we face the sands and sea, and Summer is ever loath to leave us. Tel. : Southern 1, or write for brochure.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
A good investment for an Autumn holiday, overlooking bay, ensures excellent cuisine comfort and personal service. Free golf, cocktail lounge, ballroom. Write to me personally. G. F. Perl, Manager. Tel. : 7873.

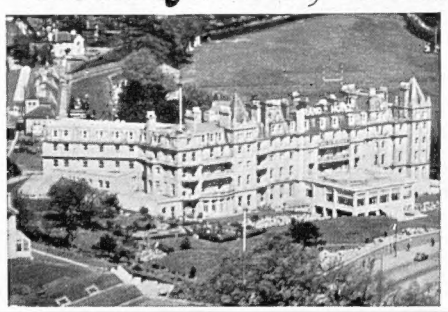
LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine ; fully licensed ; phones all rooms ; suites with private bath. Hard Tennis, Putting, Billiards. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Hendon 1456.

LYNDHURST, NEW FOREST. PARKHILL HOTEL
never closes its doors, for from October 1st Autumn and Winter residents begin to arrive. It 's a cosy halting-spot with log fires, central heating, country air, country pursuits and country fare. Will you join us ?

SIDMOUTH, BELMONT HOTEL
Best in its own class ; is in tune with this sunny South Devon resort. Refined and unostentatious. No music, dancing or cocktail bar, but fully licensed. Famous for catering and comfort, it ever keeps abreast of the times. Tel : 1555.

SIDMOUTH. VICTORIA HOTEL
Facing sea. Food you will enjoy. Breakfast in bed. Telephone and rediffusion radio by your bedside. An attractively furnished room ; a superb bed. Dancing, Golf, Bridge, Putting, Cocktail Lounge, Billiards. Come and be spoilt ! Tel : 951.

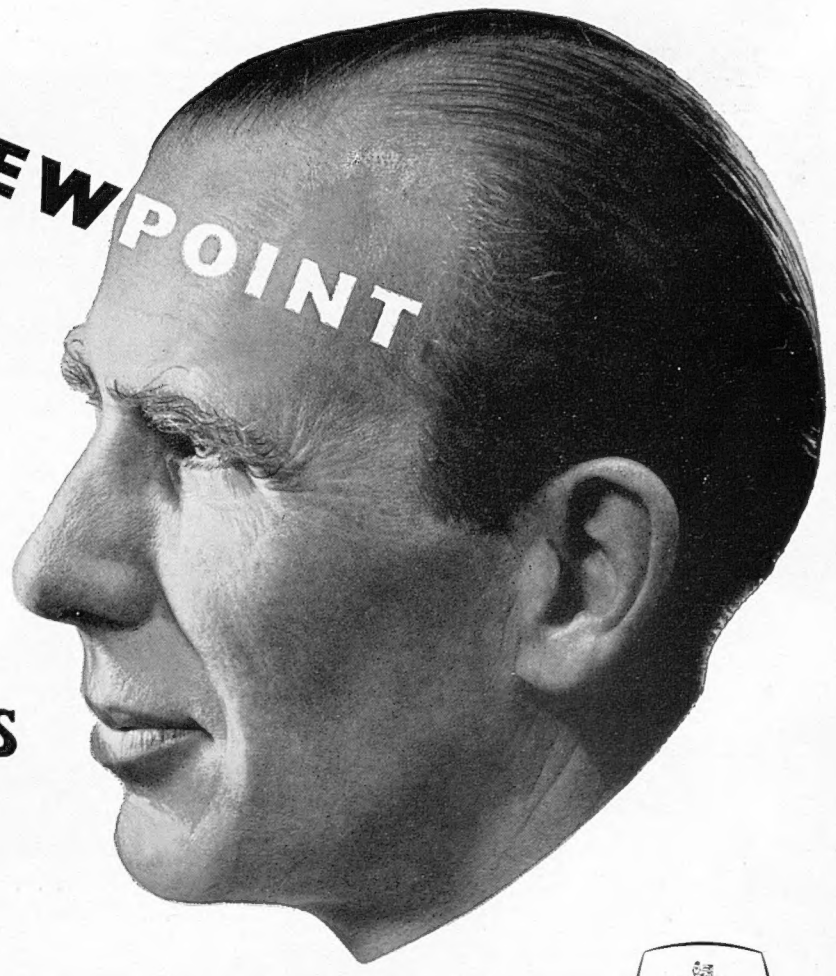
NR. STROUD, Glos. MOOR COURT HOTEL
An hotel of contentment situated in some of the finest Cotswold country. Ideal for exploration and for experiencing English country life at its best. Tel. : Amberley 2283.

TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL

For your Autumn holidays
Facing full South, overlooking Torbay, with tennis, squash, golf and dancing all free to residents.
Write O. R. Paul.
Tel. : 25234.

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS. THE SPA HOTEL
Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of parkland. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. Residential terms by arrangement. Tel. : 20331 (3 lines).

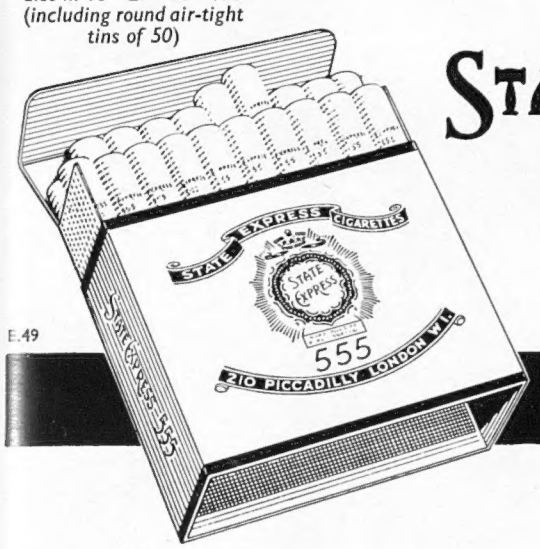
WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
Stay in warmth and comfort in one of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Dancing, Billiards—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds. 150 rooms ; self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure with pleasure. Tel. : Weybridge 1190.

CHANGING VIEWPOINT



As a man progresses in his career, his standard of living insensibly increases with his income and responsibilities. At some stage in this progress he realises that the margin is trivial between an ordinary smoke and the best cigarettes in the world—

3/11 FOR **20**
also in 10 · 25 · 50 · 100 (including round air-tight tins of 50)



STATE EXPRESS
555

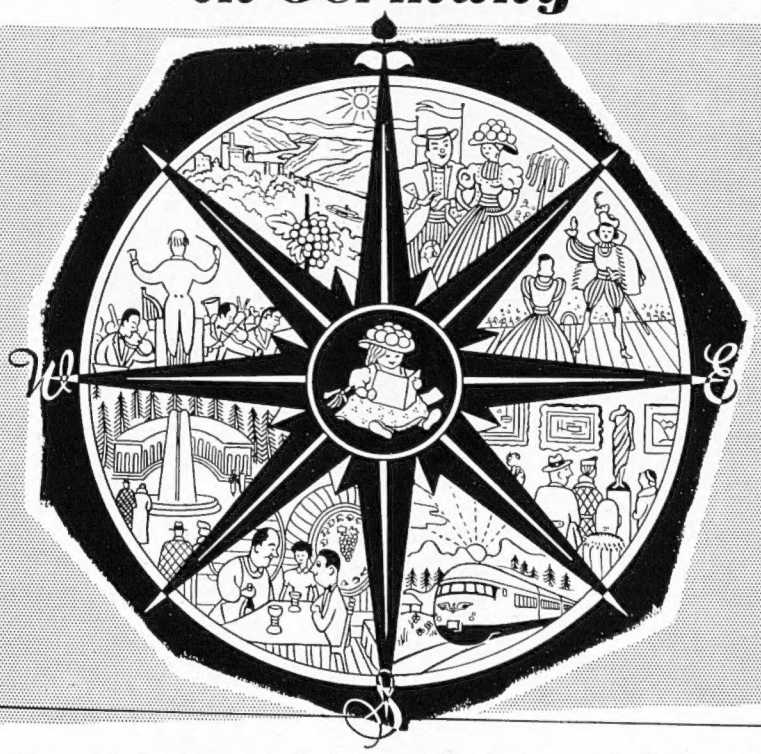
E.49

The Best Cigarettes in the World

THE HOUSE OF STATE EXPRESS 210, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

BY APPOINTMENT ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

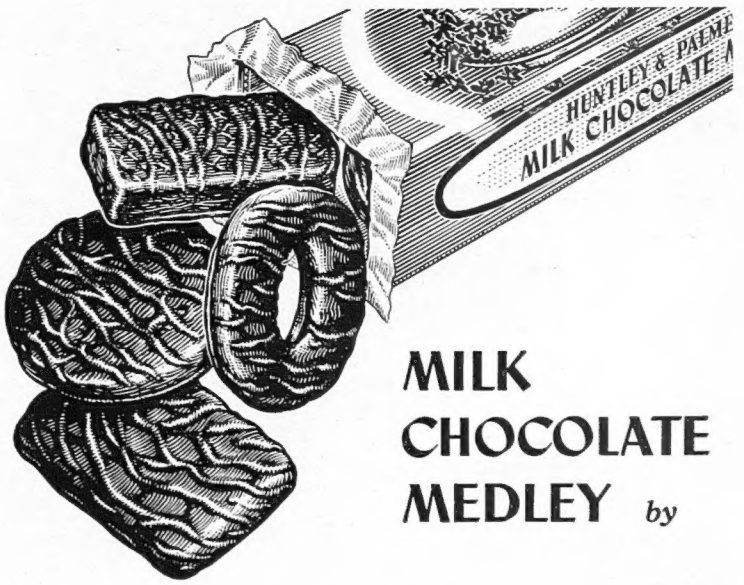
Any time is travel time in Germany



It's certainly not too late to book your holiday in Germany! During the long sunshine hours of September and October, fun and hospitality continues with colourful vintage festivals, folklore pageants, lake and river cruises, also famous music and Opera performances. Thrift Season travel costs even less in Autumn. For details apply to any recognized Travel Agent.

Further advice and brochures obtainable from:

German Tourist Information Bureau
6, VIGO STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. I. GROsvenor 7566



MILK CHOCOLATE MEDLEY *by*

Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

2/0½ per ½ lb. in hygienic airtight packets

IMPERATOR CAESAR AUGUSTUS
The first Augustus, born in B.C.63, was the re-organiser of the Roman Imperial system. The drawing is after the bust of Augustus as a young man, in the British Museum.

Through organisation a pattern emerges of far greater functional value than a mere sum of its parts.

PAPER AND PACKAGING
Reed
PAPER GROUP

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD
Aylesford Mills, Tovil Mills and Bridge Mills, Maidstone
THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD · EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD
THE SUN PAPER MILL CO. LTD
MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD · BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD
THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
THE THOMPSON & NORRIS MANUFACTURING CO. LTD
THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD
REED FLONG LTD · REED PAPER HYGIENE LTD
E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD · REED PAPER SALES LTD
Head Office: 105 Piccadilly, London, W.1

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1955. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.